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# Mind AND Matter

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## EXPERIENCES WITH THE SPIRIT ENEMIES OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY J. M. ROBERTS.

[CONTINUED.]

In closing the last number of this narration, I stated that the battle between Mr. and Mrs. James A. Bliss and the conspirators, who sought their ruin, was more between the friends and enemies of Spiritualism in spirit life than between the mortal contestants. This I propose to show in the present number.

After the so-called exposure of Mr. and Mrs. B., by the Philadelphia *Times*, the conspirators who had been engaged in that detestable intrigue, found themselves disappointed in the result of their villainy. They confidently expected that the mediums, poor and without influence, seeing the hopelessness of any attempt at defense, would flee, and by their flight confirm the false allegations which had been published against them. In this expectation they were doomed to disappointment. Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, instead of running away, confronted their accusers, and continued to give their seances. On the evening of the day following the *Times'* attack upon them, they gave a seance under the following circumstances, with the most complete and triumphant success.

The cabinet which Mr. and Mrs. B. had been using for the previous year, and which was the same cabinet that the *Times* and its assistant conspirators had labored so long and fruitlessly to impeach, had been torn away; the cut floor in the cabinet had been repaired and firmly fastened down; and there was no possible communication from the cellar. There was no Wm. O. Harrison or Helen Snyder there, nor anyone else, who could in any way assist the mediums to simulate spirit materialized forms. There were present more than twenty ladies and gentlemen of more than usual intelligence and discernment. The cabinet used was temporarily constructed in the presence of the company, on the precise spot where the permanent cabinet had stood. Everything about the medium, cabinet, cellar and room was carefully examined by persons who were strangers to the mediums, to determine what truth there might be in the *Times'* denial that Mr. and Mrs. Bliss were genuine mediums, and in its allegation that the manifestations that had been witnessed at their seances were deceptive and fraudulent. Under these circumstances the seance I am describing was held. Mrs. Bliss went into the cabinet, and during the hour and a half which followed no less than eight fully materialized forms came out into full view, each of which was distinctly individual as to height, weight, form, features, movements, apparel, and general appearance. None of them looked at all like the medium, and every one present expressed themselves satisfied that those forms were not the forms of mortal beings. The result of this seance (at which I was present) was of itself sufficient to demonstrate beyond all question that the so-called "exposure" of the *Times* was a most vile attempt to mislead the public in relation to facts which the conductors of that paper falsely pretended they had truthfully ascertained. This was a stunning response on the part of the mediums and their spirit defenders, to the accusing conspirators. But this seance being held in their own house, the public might have still felt that there was some truth in the *Times'* statement, which should weigh against them. Even this poor chance of escape from the detection and exposure of their villainy was taken from these mendacious Journalists; for Mr. and Mrs. Bliss had announced their intention to give a public seance, the following night, at Circle Hall, 403 Vine street, this city.

This second seance I also attended. At the hour announced for the seance to begin, there were in attendance from thirty to forty persons, many of them bitterly prejudiced against the mediums. It was natural, under the circumstances, that the mediums should feel distrustful that their spirit helpers would be able to overcome the opposing influences which they had every reason to know was being exerted against them. Mr. Bliss, in opening the seance, stated that Mrs. Bliss would sit at that seance under strictly test conditions; and as it was given solely to vindicate themselves against the false accusations of their enemies, they would charge those in attendance nothing. A committee of three ladies, all strangers to Mrs. Bliss, were appointed to search the person and clothing of the medium, and to see that she entered the cabinet with nothing that could be used to simulate spirit forms. The committee retired with the medium, made a thorough examination of her, and reported unanimously that there was nothing about her that could serve any purpose of deception. At this point a young man named Wm. S. Roberts rose and said he was himself an honest medium, and as he had been giving seances in the cabinet about to be used, he desired that Mrs. Bliss should be subjected to a more positive test than the mere examination by the committee of ladies. He then proposed that Mrs. Bliss should be band-cuffed with a pair of adjustable, self-locking iron manacles. This proposition, coming as it did from a professed medium, was very exasperating to both Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, and the latter, for a time, refused to be treated in that manner. This was what Roberts and his associates expected, and they were all the more importunate about having that test applied. I say Roberts and his associates, for, as subsequents proved, this William S. Roberts, who is a member of the Catholic Church, had been bribed by the Jesuit conspirators to play the part he was there enacting. Under their taunts, Mr. Bliss insisted that Mrs. Bliss should submit to the proposed humiliation, and finally she yielded to his request. She entered the cabinet, accompanied by Roberts, who, after a few minutes, came out and publicly stated that he had securely fastened the hands of the medium, and that it would be impossible for her or anyone else to personate spirits, under the circumstances, from that cabinet.

Instinctively knowing that some scoundrelly scheme was on foot to misrepresent the mediums, in case they could not succeed in preventing the manifestations, I arose and replied: "I do not know that the medium is secured as stated, and after what I have seen of the conduct of this man, I would not believe a word he would say. I demand the privilege of seeing for myself that matters are as he has stated." A light was brought to me, and I entered the cabinet to make the examination. I found Mrs. Bliss most securely manacled, the irons being so tightly pressed around her wrists that they were half buried in the yielding flesh. In addition to this, Roberts and his associates had secured, through the wooden front of the cabinet, a large, strong, wire-eye which they had placed there some time before the seance for that purpose. Roberts had come prepared with marline, with which he secured the hands of the medium to the wire-eye. This compelled the medium, seated as she was, to have her wrists lashed at a level with her head, from which position it was a physical impossibility for her to release herself, or relieve herself from a torture that must have been unendurable, had she remained conscious for even an eighth of the time that the seance lasted. I reported these facts to the audience, no one in the least questioning the truth of what I said. I, then and there, denounced the conduct of Roberts, as brutal in the extreme and such as no honest medium would have been guilty of. The reader must remember that this was no trick cabinet under the control of the mediums, but a cabinet in an open public hall, where any one who desired could examine it as much as they pleased at any time.

Under those conditions, which were as strictly test conditions as the devilish ingenuity of the Jesuit enemies of Spiritualism could devise to defeat the manifestations, that seance was held. It lasted for more than two hours, during which time seven distinctly individual human forms appeared, each one coming out many times, most or all of whom allowed myself and others to approach them within two or three feet, where we could scrutinize their features, forms and general appearance, without difficulty. None of these forms bore any resemblance to the medium or to each other. The first one to appear came out almost as soon as the circle was seated. It was that of a female, considerably taller than the medium. She came out in full view and, while standing before us, held up her arms, widely extended, to show us that she was not the shackled medium. The attention of those in attendance was called to that fact, and all either verbally or by their silence, admitted that they saw the form and understood the object of the movements of the apparition. Had Mrs. Bliss been furnished with a key to the manacles, as it afterwards was falsely pretended by Roberts, it would have been impossible for her to have released herself, and clothed herself, as that beautiful form was clothed, in the few moments which had transpired. Having shown us her unshackled arms, she caught a scarf from her person, and raising it aloft in her hand, she walked up and down the platform waving it over her head as if in triumph at the victory which the spirit guides and protectors of the mediums had gained over their enemies, both in the spirit life and on earth. This was one of the most remarkable feats of spirit power that I ever witnessed, extended as has been my experience in such matters. Myself and others were permitted to go close up to this form, and I could see distinctly the features of a woman that impressed me that I had seen her before, but which I failed then to identify. The same form appeared at the next seance, given by Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, at the same place, and called me to her, when I at once remembered it as that of Miss Lucille Western, who had passed to spirit life a few months before, after an acute and brief illness. Stating to the audience that I recognized the form, but that I would not undertake to identify her, unless she would give me her name, she walked out of the cabinet, came closely to me and distinctly spoke the name Lucille. This same form I have seen hundreds of times since, as have hundreds of other persons, with whom she has conversed, and if it is possible to identify a materialized form, this form, and beyond all question was animated by the spirit of that talented artist.

A few weeks after her departure, a spirit, purporting to be Miss Western, communicated with me through the mediumship of Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, who, among other things, told me that owing to her physical vigor and her short illness which had not impaired that vigor, she had entered spirit life with unusual materializing power, and that it was her purpose to qualify herself, as soon as practicable, to appear in materialized form and again, in public, read the parts which she had been accustomed to perform when in the earthly body. That intention she has carried out since, frequently appearing and performing her favorite characters, so perfectly and characteristicly that every one who had witnessed her earthy performances recognized this popular actress.

As before stated, this form was succeeded by six other forms, of which several were fully recognized. Among these was a male form, dressed in a full suit of black clothes, who called his friends to him and shook hands with them. Among the audience was a lady who is avowedly skeptical as to the possibility of spirit materialization, who had a few years before resided with Dr. Sleeper, in this city. She went up to him, shook hands with him, and said that if it was not the spirit of her friend it was marvellously like him. But I need not say more to show how completely the spirit manifestations, which were witnessed at that seance, vindicated the claims of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss that they were genuine and honest mediums, and that the accusations against them were maliciously false, and intended to deceive the public. I will only add that none of the forms that appeared were shackled or in the least impeded in their movements.

At the close of the seance Roberts, who had the key of the shackles, was requested to release the medium. He hurried to the cabinet and was about to unlock the shackles where the audience could not see it done. To this I objected, and insisted that they should be unlocked before all who were in attendance. The marline which secured the arms of Mrs. Bliss to the front of the cabinet was cut, as it could not readily be unfastened and the medium came out of the cabinet with the shackles still firmly secured upon her wrists. Roberts was then requested to unlock them, which he proceeded to do. It was only with great difficulty and considerably delay that he found it possible to remove them. A more complete triumph for the mediums and their spirit guides could not have been desired or possible. The whole false and fraudulent proceedings of the conductors of *The Times* was demonstrated at the two seances described, and not a vestige of it remained to be answered by the mediums to vindicate themselves in the eyes of all unprejudiced and truth-loving people.

These facts were furnished at the time, by myself, both to the *Banner of Light* and to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, but neither of those journals had the independence or fairness to publish them. Whether the conductor of the usually fair and impartial *Banner of Light* doubted the correctness of my testimony, or sought shelter in silence from the tempest of prejudice which the lying accusations of *The Times* had raised against the mediums, or whether they were influenced to follow that course by both those considerations I do not know. I only know that I begged both the *Banner* and *Journal* people to accept no statement of mine as true, but to send on some one upon upon whom they could rely, to report the fact to them; and offered to defray the expenses if they would do so. If justice and truth would permit I would be glad to say nothing of this at this time, but it is due the public that all the facts should be laid before them. Why the editor of the *Journal* treated the mediums in that most reprehensible manner, has been made fully apparent by his whole course from that time forward.

But here I propose to show the intimate relations which existed between the Jesuit conspirators who were seeking to destroy the mediums and the Jesuit spirits who were cooperating with them in their bigoted sectarian persecution of, as they supposed, their helpless victims. Philip Diesinger, the avowed Jesuit agent and spy, had been striving for weeks, indirectly, to mislead Mr. Bliss as to his (Diesinger's) domestic relations. He had frequently expressed great concern about the safety of the favorite, of his twin children; of his wife's deceased mother and other matters that were wholly false, intending thereby to make a point on Mr. Bliss, who is frequently entranced during the seances, and who, while so entranced, is subject to any controlling spirit that can at such times influence him. Near the close of the seance in question, Mr. Bliss was entranced by a spirit purporting to be the deceased mother of Mrs. Diesinger, who, in a whining way, went on to deplore the deceitful and wicked conduct of Diesinger, her son-in-law, who was not present; and who assured the audience that a terrible retributive blow would come upon Diesinger, in the death of his favorite twin child. She requested that her message should be sent to Diesinger in order that he might know, in the death of that child, the spirit world had avenged the wrongs that he had done to the mediums. Having taken down this message myself, and deeming it the work of a Jesuit personating spirit, I retained it to await further developments, which soon occurred and which convinced me that I was not wrong in my conjecture that the communication was from a lying and deceiving spirit. The wisdom of my course was in the end made fully manifest by the perjured testimony of Diesinger's tool, the knavish Roberts, and the use the conspirators attempted to make of that communication to injure Mr. Bliss. That Mr. Bliss was wholly unconscious of every word that was spoken through him while that communication was given, I know from the most familiar acquaintance I have had with him as an entranced medium. But even if that were not so, Mr. Bliss, unsuspicious and confiding, as he naturally is, could have had no motive in simulating that spirit communication. Indeed, every incentive of prudence would have prevented him from intentionally making such a risky prediction. On the other hand it was just such a game as Diesinger and his spirit sympathizers and coadjutors would conceive and put in practice by pre-arrangement between them. I concluded then, that some Jesuit spirit emissary used that method to aid his mundane confreres and that this was a partial fulfilment of the threat of Loyola that he would make the mediums odious in the public sight, by controlling them to do things that would injure them.

As I have stated, the seances mentioned, and those which followed, annihilated the effects of the long prepared and cherished plot of the conductors of *The Times* and their fellow conspirators. At this juncture, Anthony Higgins, who had been no doubt all along acquainted with what was being done by them, was called upon to help the discomfitted villains out of their disgraceful scrape. He rented a hall, and, pretending to be acting in the interest of Spiritualism, announced his purpose to hold a series of public meetings, admission ten cents, to "winnow the chaff from the wheat" of that cause. Having received the nominal appointment of the State Association of Spiritualists of Pennsylvania, as a Missionary Agent, Higgins assumed to act in that representative capacity. I made it my business to attend the first of a series of similar meetings, called by him, accompanied by Mr. Bliss. This was on Sunday morning, Aug. 26, five days after the so-called "exposure" of *The Times*. It was at that meeting that Higgins spent the whole time in laboring to discredit all spiritual manifestations. Pretending to know all about that subject, he said he positively knew that there was not ten per cent. of such manifestations that were genuine, and that of that small amount there was hardly more than one per cent. positively certain. He had cunning enough to know that unless he admitted that there was some little phenomenal proof of the truth of Spiritualism, that he could not carry out the Jesuitical work in which he was engaged. He admitted his connection with and training in the Catholic Church, but pretended to have been convinced of the falseness of that soul-blinding faith, by the small modicum of phenomenal evidence that he had had that Spiritualism was true. No person of ordinary discernment could have failed to see, in the matter and method of that discourse, the educated and thoroughly trained emissary of the Jesuit propaganda—the deadly enemy of Truth.

At the close of his discourse, he referred, as I expected he would do, to the alleged "exposure" of Mr and Mrs. Bliss as mediums, and said it was a matter that ought to be thoroughly inquired into by the Spiritualists of Philadelphia but suggested no definite step to that end. At the close of his discourse I arose and asked permission to make a statement on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss. This, after a little hesitation, he granted. I then stated the facts I have above related, as occurring at the two seances held subsequently to *The Times'* publication, and prior to that meeting. To this, Higgins only replied that if what I stated were facts, that they were strongly in favor of the mediums. Mr. Higgins then announced another meeting for the evening of that day, at the same place, when he would resume his theme of the morning.

It was impossible for me to attend that meeting, but I was credibly informed that Higgins had gotten those present to appoint a committee of three to visit Mr. and Mrs. Bliss at their house, inquire into the facts relating to the alleged exposure, and report at another meeting to be held on the succeeding Wednesday evening. Mr. Higgins and two others were appointed as that committee. Accompanied by one of his co-committeemen, Higgins, in the absence of Mr. Bliss, called the next morning at Mr. Bliss' house, and requested Mrs. Bliss to allow them to examine the premises. This, without any hesitation, Mrs. Bliss assented to, and after a few minutes' inspection of the premises, they went away. A short time thereafter Higgins sent a note to Mr. Bliss, requesting Mrs. Bliss and himself to give a private seance to his so-called committee, to be held at one of their houses. This note Mr. Bliss submitted to me for my advice. Already convinced as I was, that Higgins was acting in the interest of the conspirators, if not in full co-operation with them, I saw here an unexpected opportunity of determining that point, beyond all question. At a sitting with Mr. Bliss, a few days before, he was controlled by "Billy the Bootblack," who told me he had been tracking the movements of Diesinger and Harrison, and that he had been where he saw them getting up a parcel of costumes to personate the spirit forms which had appeared at the seances; and he said to me, "What do you think I heard them say?" I said, "I don't know." "Well," said he, "they said they were going to give a series of sham seances, and they were going to invite you to see their sham performances." I said, "Oh, Billy, that can't be; they would not be mad enough to attempt that." His reply was, "Well, you'll see, Mr. Roberts. I heard them say so, any way." This circumstance strengthened my convictions that Higgins' movements had something to do with the conspiracy, and I determined to draw his fire."

Accordingly, I got Mr. Bliss to write a note to Higgins, saying that I was authorized to make any arrangement with Higgins, on his behalf, that I might think proper. With this note I called upon Higgins, at his residence. This was not what he anticipated, he supposing that the mediums would peremptorily refuse his most improper and unreasonable request. It was, therefore, necessary for him to gain time in order to confer with his fellow-conspirators as to what steps they should take to get rid of me. Higgins said he could not make any arrangement with me without the consent of his co-committeemen. I then asked him when he could get them together, to which he replied, "To-morrow morning, at 8 o'clock." Telling him that I would be at his house at that hour accompanied by Mr. Bliss, I went away.

At the appointed hour Mr. Bliss and myself were on hand, but the other committeemen were not there. In order to get Higgins to show what he was driving at, I had requested Mr. Bliss to ask him who he claimed to represent by his action. This question Higgins at first tried to evade, but, when pressed for a direct answer, he refused it; and began a most insulting tirade against Mr. Bliss, which the latter angrily and threateningly resented. Higgins so far forgot his characteristic cunning, for the moment, as to declare that he had the most positive proof in his possession that the *Times'* "exposure" was true. I here interfered in order to prevent Mr. Bliss from assaulting Higgins in his own house. I said: "As you, Mr. Higgins, have declared that you have your mind made up on the point, about which you propose to inquire, that ends the matter. You would hardly expect the mediums to submit to any proposition you might make after that." Finding himself foiled in his scheme to place the mediums in a false light, Higgins requested a private interview with me. We left Mr. Bliss and retired to the hallway. Higgins there told me he could convince me beyond all doubt that I was mistaken in supposing the mediums honest, and that if I was willing to see the proof of it, he would give it to me. This was just what I wanted him to do, and I told him I would be only too glad to have that proof, if it could be given. He then appointed a meeting with me at the residence of Philip Diesinger, for 8 o'clock that evening, when he said he would have the persons present who had personated the spirits at the Bliss seances. In order to induce me to swallow the bait he was preparing for me, he told me that Emanuel Wolff, whom I knew to be a half-silly young man, had had an interview with those persons, and that he was thoroughly convinced that he had been entirely deceived by them. He proposed accompanying me to see Wolff, who would tell me how thoroughly he had been deceived by those people.

I told Mr. Bliss that our mission was at an end, and that I had some business with Mr. Higgins of a private nature, when the former left, manifesting more astonishment at this announcement than I ever saw him do before. In company with Higgins, I called to see Wolff, who seemed so anxious to convince me that I had been cheated by the mediums, that I could come to no other conclusion than that he had been thoroughly "coached" by the conspirators for that very purpose. Leaving Higgins and his hopeful pupil, I awaited the appointed hour with considerable curiosity, although from two names I saw upon a paper which Higgins inadvertently showed me, I had little doubt that I would find William O. Harrison and his female associate, Helen Snyder, the promised performers.

At the hour appointed, I reached Mr. Diesinger's, and found there Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. Diesinger, and Emanuel Wolff. Harrison and Snyder were kept out of sight of me, although in the house. After considerable delay, I was invited to the sitting-room in the second story, where curtains were hung across what appeared to be the opening to a bay-window. Behind this curtain I could hear Harrison and Snyder rehearsing for their parts. The light was lowered, and Diesinger, Wolff and Higgins joined in singing. In a little while, Helen Snyder stepped out and went through quite a creditable imitation of the Mrs. McCarthy of the Bliss seances. After retiring and dressing to personate the tall form of Lizzie De Larue, through the whole performance of which I could recognize what was going on by the sounds, she came out but utterly failed, in the least, to imitate the movements or appearance of that spirit form. I allowed that performance to pass without manifesting the contempt I felt for the deceitful people into whose company I had fallen. My object was to get a look at the face of the woman who had been induced and influenced to practice the vile deception which was there being attempted to be practiced upon me. This opportunity came when she next appeared in the character of Katie Rublee. I then asked to be permitted to approach her, as I had frequently done at the seances. This they could not refuse me, and I went up close to her. Although she kept her face veiled, a thing that Katie Rublee never did, I could see her features distinctly, and especially her peculiar formation of nose. Convinced beyond all question that Higgins, Diesinger, Harrison and Snyder were engaged in a conspiracy to deceive me and thereby make me the enemy of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, I could no longer restrain my indignation, and then and there denounced them, one and all, as lying cheats, I refused to allow the farce to be carried any further, and left, determined to attend the meeting which Higgins had publicly called, for the next evening, to hear his report.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HOT ICE—A FROZEN HELL.

### Spirit Manifestations at Columbus, Ind.

Readers of the above will think such words convey inconsistent ideas, and yet humanity cannot, or will not admit facts cognizant to their senses.

To explain: A Mr. Charles Barnes appears in this city with his newly married bride whose home was formerly here. They call on friends, Mr. B. offering to be placed under any test conditions required, to convince, if possible, that Spiritualism ought to be investigated, before being denounced as the "works of the Devil." Mr. B. was tied hands and feet and unable to move an inch. The cord was then double knotted and fastened under the chair. A muslin sack, previously prepared, was then drawn up, the open end tied closely around his neck, and then around the sack other cords were laced and interlaced, tied with double knots, and made as secure as the ingenuity of man could devise. Result.

A tin horn placed behind the curtain a yard or more from Mr. B. began to shows signs of life and intelligence in moving about and by actual speech through it saying, "We are glad to meet you, and will give such proof as is within our power to convince there is no death, and Spiritualism is true." Confirming it in a manner seemingly impossible as humanity are educated. Those posted will comprehend and understand.

To relate all said and done at the several sittings would require much time and space hence I briefly say the talk through the horn was, at times, clear and plain, or feeble and low, and occasionally inaudible. To ascribe it to ventriloquism would be a silly assertion to those present, or to legerdemain for a banjo weighing 10¼ pounds to move fully one yard from behind the curtain into plain sight of the sitters, the movement of fingers plainly seen as music was heard, or moved about 8 feet to the top of the curtain, with a loud voice through the horn, saying, "We will now raise the curtain so you can see our medium tied, which was immediately done, and such repeated five times at one sitting. Between repetitions at other sittings, sounds and loud talk was heard, addressing a sceptic who had the horn thrust close to his ear, in plain sight of all, shouting out, "All humbug is it?" At another time and place a priest got highly offended at the "control" because the spirit declaring herself as such, decidedly maintained "his teachings were false," the priest saying, "you are an evil spirit, and I will not talk with you," quitting in high dudgeon.

After other manifestations through this horn, or from some source or cause of motion, intelligence, etc., it was announced, "We will now untie our medium," which was quickly done, and the cords thrown into the lap of an investigator. This priest says on the street "the tying was insufficient and the manifestations not satisfactory," and yet he tied Mr. B. himself, saying, "impossible to get untied." He tells the truth in saying "the tying was insufficient," with the probability that unless he has the privilege of dictating what people shall think and say, himself to have a fat living free of labor, all else "not satisfactory" to him!

The Mayor of the city and other dignitaries refuse to certify to what they saw, being members of the church, the priest alluded to being their pastor. One of his members is swearing at a vociferous rate this morning about his competitor in business; who also stoutly affirms, "all spirit manifestations are works of the devil."

Finding a reluctance to certify to what was actually seen, but a few were found who were willing to certify to the truth of the foregoing, viz:—Louisa Schoonover, Eliza Stanton, Wm. Stanton, Josephine Stanton and Katie Peet, N. M. Peet, A. B. Church, so far as witnessed.

A. B. CHURCH.

Columbus, Ind., July 1, 1879.

## MAN'S TRUE DESTINY:

### A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

*For Mind and Matter.*

I had a dream the other day,
Though wide awake, I gave full play
To magic powers of seeming,
And visions went and visions came,
Of honor, virtue, sin and shame,
To fill the score of dreaming.

In pristine innocence I saw
Man ere he knew the lion's claw
Concealed in human nature,
When Adam walked in Eden's shade,
And Eve, his mate, was newly made,
His queen, companion, waiter.

The earth was fair, the earth was young,
The stars of heaven together sung
With gladness, peace and pleasure;
God saw man's want was thus supplied,
And Eve was happy when a bride,
What need of mammon's treasure!

Alas! what wrought the awful change?
Not war, nor envy, nor revenge,
These speak more modern charms,
As when for Helen Trojan's fight,
And Cleopatra claims the right
To keep her love in arms!

With human effort, human needs,
And human reason, man-made creeds,
Came selfishness and stubborn will;
Self-love has set the world aghast—
Cain, if the first, was not the last
A brother's blood to spill.

From then till now, men curse the deed.
And yet how few pay proper heed
To methods true of living;
How few the golden rule can live,
Receiving only what they give,
Their neighbor's faults forgiving!

From Adam to the present day,
But few have learned the better way;
A few have made beginning,
And would have practiced noble deeds,
But soon got tangled up with creeds,
And legal ways of sinning!

Man's duty to "The Great I am,"
Has been explained all souls to damn,
Instead of honest labor,
And ways of living as he should,
And serving God by doing good,
And toiling for his neighbors!

His selfishness has been addressed
To pamper self, if all the rest
Should perish by starvation;
No matter if his selfish dreams
Are realized by heartless schemes
Which undermine the nation!

Self-hood too oft is made supreme,
And legislation caused to teem
With schemes for aggrandizement,
To justice, jurors close their eyes,
The public weal all sacrifice
While straight for plunder bent.

But in the mass true leaven lurks
Which best by noble action works;
"Truth crushed will rise again;"
Let error feast on idle dreams,
Truth will explode all evil schemes,
And righteousness maintain.

Let narrow minds revive old saws,
And strangle truth by stringent laws,
And dogmas of the past;
And legislator, doctor, priest,
Uniting bow to Mammon's beast,
Bound by creed-fetters fast!

The vision changes, and we see,
Adown the line of destiny,
A better state of things;
Men cease to worship empty creeds,
Walk not by faith, but by true deeds
And light which knowledge brings.

Yet many turn from dawning light,
And head-long rush back into night,
From profered blessings flee;
And stumble in the dubious way,
And scrambling fight like beasts of prey,
Thus courting misery.

A few espy the distant light,
And pausing in their downward flight,
Gaze fearfully at its ray;
Some hearts may feel the warming glow,
Some mind desire the truth to know,
Such hail the new-born day!

A few reformers Truth has known,
Brave Galaleos come and gone,
The truths they taught will live;
The Saviors who have lived and died
For human rights, were crucified
That we may light receive.

The world is full of woe to-day,
Because men shun the better way,
And righteous teachings spurn;
The name of Progress millions hate.
All knowledge bearing modern date,
They still refuse to learn.

While selfishness is uppermost,
Truth seems a shadow, like a ghost,
Behind the scenes to lurk;
But bides her time—for errors strength
Will spread itself, and truth at length
Will do its perfect work.

The age of night is well nigh spent—
The slumbering world is not content
To longer lie in gloom;
But like a lion from his lair,
Arises now to do and dare
Though battles dire may come!

Now error's cohorts, growing fierce,
Come thundering down the line of years,
To crush us 'neath their feet!
Awake! arise! ye sons of light,
Oh! rally for the coming fight,
To falter is defeat!

E'en now the din of war we hear—
The battle-cry—the foeman's cheer—
The skirmishing begins;
From left to right, along the line.
There's strategy and deep design,
Yet truth each contest wins!

See victory on her standard perch.
Nor sword of despot, state nor church,
Against it can prevail;
Giants before the David's fall,
The sword of Justice conquers all,
Her captains never fail.

The contest rages and the fight
Grows desperate now from left to right,
Still victory is ours;
The coming day will soon be here,
Then, at one rush, with sword and spear,
Error with all her powers,

Will flee back to eternal night,
Disarmed, disabled so, the fight
She never more can wage.
In victory will we conquer peace;
[illegible]
Our noblest powers engage.

Then Justice in the earth will reign,
And righteousness and peace maintain,
Her golden scepter sway;
Adown the line of years I see
For man a glorious destiny,
A prosperous happy day.

On that blest day all wrong will cease,
Men cultivate the arts of peace,
All as one family,
Will dwell in harmony and love,
A friend each to the other prove,
To help him on his way.

The *golden rule* will then prevail,
And criminal court, and sheriff, jail
Sustained by crime to-day,
As the ripe fruit of barbarous times,
And age on age of glaring crimes,
Will thus all pass away.

And judges, lawyers, doctors too,
Creeds, priests, and prelates, all must go,
Their work is well nigh done;
When men have learned the laws of life
And made an end of folly's strife,
A new era begun.

All heaven will loud hosannas sing,
And wide the portals open fling,
To our celestial home;
And Jacob's ladder from the skies,
The world will greet with glad surprise,
And angels go and come.

And seraphs cleave the shining way,
Departed friends "come back to stay,"
And hold a jubilee;
The reign of error being o'er,
We'll all rejoice for evermore,
In man's true destiny.

CHARLES THOMPSON.

*St. Albans, Vt.*

## A Reminiscence.

I read with some interest in MIND AND MATTER, of the 12th, the item from M. A. (Oxon) "Vision of Death," where the body pronounced to be dead, still the magnetic cord was yet unbroken, and remained so for many hours, and during that time says the writer, "I believe it to have been possible under favorable conditions to bring back the spirit had any one willed it, and had his will been powerful enough," and the fact suggested the gospel case of Lazarus. I do not propose to reproduce the item only to refresh the reader so that I can use it as a setting for an item somewhat similar.

A man well known as a resident in this city (Boston), somewhat prominent both as a reformer and a Swedenborgian, lost his wife, a very Christian woman of the same semi-pleasant faith. This pious woman was sick quite awhile, and at the last was suddenly drawing to her close. Her son, who lived within a few miles, was sent for, as she was anxious to see him before she left. He had been very attentive during her sickness, but at this moment could not be found. Still he was looked for and hoped for, and the dying mother hung on to life for that last adieu. It was evident her will kept her soul and body together, for her time was past, and but for that wish she would ere then, have died. She was due in Heaven full two hours before. At last she died. Doctor Gregg, her physician, who called soon after, was not surprised to find the golden bowl broken and I saw that she was dead, and said so, and the mourners went about the house. Thus she lay laid out, as we say, some hours, when, in great haste and grief, in came her son. He had gotten the message that his mother was dying and wanted him; but, alas! some hours too late. He went into the silent room where lay the clay tenement, when, on his approach, the dead woman awoke to consciousness and said: "I could not go until I saw and spoke my message to you;" when, in fine language, she addressed him at some length most affectionately and eloquently, and then, for the second time, expired.

This was looked upon as somewhat of a miracle, a privilege granted her as a very pious woman, and not so much of an impossibility to the new church believers, as it would have been to other Christian sects. They considered that the woman had died. Dr. Gregg, a distinguished physician, also, on examination, pronounced her dead, and I have no doubt she was dead.

I have an idea that she was a remarkably well ordered woman. It is possible, like the case M. A. Oxon relates, and perhaps like Lazarus that "came forth," the magnetic chord still connected the spirit with the body, but I think it was the strong will power, and she was enabled, which is a very rare thing, to control for a short time her own body, and use its organs without inhabiting it. I ought to add, in closing, that this occured only a few years ago, and that I know the facts are as I have written, and that, for a brief state, the woman arose from the dead.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

TRENTON, N. J., June 17, 1879.

*Editor of Mind and Matter.*

ESTEEMED SIR:—I send you a trifling item of news from this locality, assuring you that it was new indeed to this priest-ridden little city. You can condense it or reject it altogether, or give the facts related in your own way, just as you please.

The orthodox people of Trenton have recently received a shock equally as startling to them as the play of the natural elements at times in their efforts to restore an equilibrium of its forces. The cause was the delivery of a funeral discourse by Mrs. Katy B. Robinson, of your city; the occasion, the interment of the remains of Mrs. Enoch Thomas of Trenton.

Week before last the wife of Enoch Thomas, who, by the way, is a staunch and unflinching Spiritualist, passed to spirit life. Mr. Thomas had the audacity, notwithstanding we have plenty of God's ambassadors duly commissioned for the purpose, to send for Mrs. Robinson to say a few words, for their edification, over the earthly body of his beloved companion. He succeeded, through the efforts of Christopher Wentz, an old friend, who has recently had his eyes annointed by the blessed influences of the spirit world, in procuring for the occasion the room used by the first Universalist church, a religious body quite recently organized in this place, the trustees kindly consenting to the arrangement; and may God and his holy angels so guide and bless them that this little beginning may develop for future use, a union of the liberal elements here, that they may breath unitedly upon the dry bones of theologic bigotry and superstition, that they may result in an earnest cry for more light and liberty.

The discourse at the church received from those assembled the most profound attention. So with the words spoken at the grave. And although all outsiders persist in regarding that it was an innovation upon their established notions, about the propriety of which they are at a stand, they all, without exception, pronounced it a most beautiful and appropriate production; and I am satisfied the lady speaker, as they are pleased to call her, has sown seed that will eventually be justly attributed to the glowing words uttered through that noble instrument, Mrs. Katy B. Robinson, on that occasion.

With kind regards,
I remain respectfully yours,
WM. H. SMITH.
151 Cooper Street, Trenton, N. J.

# Mind and Matter.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 26 M. S., 32.

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J. M. ROBERTS. . . . PUBLISHER AND EDITOR.

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## What is the Difference? Which is the Better Spiritualist?

We have before noticed the wordy controversy that has been going on for some time between *The Alliance* a religious paper and the *Religio Philosophical Journal* a pseudo Spiritual journal, both of Chicago. Seeing little prospect that these noisy disputants will end their pother if let alone, we propose to learn from them if possible, what all their racket is about. The *Religio Philosophical Journal* quotes the *The Alliance* as follows:

"No careful observer is prepared to deny that there is something in Spiritualism? Amid a good deal humbug and much chaff there is truth, a fact, there. It has been demonstrated that there is a mysterious force in the world, operated by the mind of man in some mysterious way, but what the force is, and how it is set in motion, is a matter that the future must discover by scientific methods."

We cannot for the life of us see why Col. Bundy should feel so annoyed at that sweeping admission of this orthodox enemy of the Spiritual movement. *The Alliance* after that surrender to the truth, as made manifest through the natural phenomena of Spiritualism which occur through Spiritual mediums, might well be considered as good a Spiritualist journal as the *R. P. J.* Indeed there is a refreshing frankness about this orthodox recognition of the phenominal facts of Spiritualism that the *Journal* would do well to emulate. But Col. Bundy is not satisfied to see his antagonist prostrate before him, but continues to buffet it, as if he felt especial gratification in punishing his defunct enemy. Leave them to realize the remorse that is in store for them, and they will have enough to bear without your help to make them miserable.

Don't allow the "green-eyed monster" to deprive you of what little mercy you possess. *The Alliance* in fighting Spiritual phenomena and seeking to discredit them, has the consistency not to profess to favor those facts; and this, Col. Bundy, you ought not to forget. You will have that field, rest assured, all to yourself. Waste no more powder upon *The Alliance*, Colonel; its managers gave their last kick at Spiritualism before they made the above fatal admission.

## The Neshaminy Camp Meeting—A Grand Success.

The camp-meeting under the management of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia was formally opened on Sunday, July 20th, at the beautiful and delightful Neshaminy Falls Grove, at Willett's Station, Pa., at which over three thousand people were in attendance.

The day was all that anyone could desire, being clear, cool and invigorating. The large crowd made the most of the enjoyment which the ample provisions that had been made by the able management of the committee of arrangements afforded. The grounds and surroundings are naturally of the most attractive description, and these have been turned to the best advantage by judicious and tasteful, artistic and utilitarian accompaniments.

It is useless to attempt, in the space and time at our command, to describe the many attractions of this rural resort—for columns would not suffice to do them justice. The anti-spiritualistic press of Philadelphia and New York, of Monday last, through their reporters, gave especial attention to these features of the camp meeting, as they did not care to lay before their readers correct information regarding the sentiments and teachings of Spiritualism as presented by its exponents from the rostrum.

The meeting assembled before the grand stand at 10½ o'clock A. M., and was called to order by the President, H. B. Champion, Esq., who directed the ceremonies.

The exercises began with instrumental music, which was followed by singing by the choir and congregation. Then followed a most appropriate and eloquent inspirational invocation by Mrs. E. L. Watson, of Titusville, Pa., which melted the large assembly into one sympathizing mass, and prepared them for the able discourse which succeeded it.

The attention of those in attendance was directed to the efficient and successful labors of Col. S. P. Kase in making the preparations for that most auspicious gathering. Singing followed, and then the speaker of the morning session, Prof. J. R. Buchanan, of New York, addressed the meeting. The discourse of this learned and influential Spiritualist occupied an hour and a half, and was listened to throughout with the most attentive interest by the vast concourse. His subject was, "The Religion of Spiritualism." At the close of his address, the next thing in order was for the hungry crowd to satisfy their whetted appetites, for which the most ample provision had been made at the most reasonable rates.

At the afternoon session, the meeting was addressed through Mrs. E. L. Watson, on the subject of "The Relations of Earth to the Spirit World." Mrs. Watson spoke while entranced. The thoughts uttered were grand and beautiful, and most fluently, poetically and eloquently expressed. If Mrs. Watson was the author of that address, she deserves to rank with the foremost speakers and teachers of this or any other age. The large audience were delighted and deeply impressed by the teachings imparted through that gifted medium.

On Monday the same exercises were participated in both morning and afternoon. Dr. T. B. Taylor, of Philadelphia, spoke in the morning, on the subject. Phenomenal Phases of Spiritualism," and Gen. J. Edwards, of Washington, D. C., on the general subject of Spiritualism, in the afternoon.

On Tuesday, Prof. J. R. Buchanan spoke in continuation of his subject, "The Religion of Spiritualism," and in the afternoon Mrs. E. L. Watson; both addresses being attentively listened to and highly appreciated by the campers and country people of the surrounding region

The report of the exercises of Wednesday has been received too late for insertion this week.

We most heartily congratulate the enterprising friends, who planned and carried out this great undertaking, upon the auspicious and promising results already assured.

We deeply regret that we have been prevented, up to this time, from enjoying, personally, the pleasure and profit of being in attendance; but hope to be able to make up for lost time when we can get away from our editorial post.

All honor and thanks to the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia for their noble efforts to promulgate truth, and elevate enslaved humanity.

## "True and Fanciful Clairvoyance."

Under the above head-line our Chicago contemporary, the *R. P. Journal*, says:

"It is often difficult for the clairvoyant or psychometrist to distinguish between true and false impressions. In this most important, but too little heeded fact, lies the explanation of many of the blunders, illusions and seeming impostures, which present to the ignorant and hostile so many opportunities of decrying and discrediting all supersensuous phenomena.

"Probably *all of us*, at times, receive clairvoyant impressions which we fail to distinguish from ordinary products of the imagination. So it is with the medium. Certain clairvoyant, supersensuous revelations come to him, he knows not whence or how. They prove to be correct, and hence he is induced to believe that other impressions, coming undistinguishably to him, are also correct and reliable.

" " " The consequence, that when he tries to get more than comes spontaneously and without effort, he may innocently mistake the mere products of his fancy for genuine clairvoyant impressions."

Such are the views of the editor of the *R. P. Journal*, in regard to clairvoyance as a help to the attainment of Spiritual truth. He, an acknowledged clairvoyant, testifies that no impression of a clairvoyant character is entitled to any reliance, in as much as the clairvoyant has no faculty within him, or herself, to distinguish between what is "True" and what is "Fanciful Clairvoyance." Dr. George M. Beard, on the other hand, a "Dunderheaded" pedantic enemy of Spiritualism, says there is no such thing as clairvoyance at all, as formulated science shows. Mental hallucination and fraud suffice this neurologic quack, to account for all clairvoyant phenomena. Why the *Journal* omitted, for this once, to introduce its universal solvent of all perplexing questions, "fraud," as an element in its Beardistic treatment of clairvoyance, may be readily inferred from the fact that to give weight to his pedantic utterances, he found it convenient to claim clairvoyant powers himself, and he would never be guilty of any fraud, "you know."

But, why this new attempt of our contemporary *to discredit and render worthless*, one of the most important phases of spiritual phenomena?

Reader, we will tell you. Col. Bundy is weakly ambitious to lay Spiritualism at the feet of popular opinion, in order that he may win its approving smiles and applause. Recently, certain spiritual phenomena which occurred through that remarkably gifted medium, Dr. J. V. Mansfield, of New York, was seized upon by the anti-Spiritualistic press of the country as affording them a chance to ridicule and injure the cause of Spiritualism. But few of these hostile journals dared to pretend that Dr. Mansfield had sought to deceive any person, as a medium. They very well knew that of the many thousands of persons who knew Dr. M. personally, none could be found who would be willing to believe him capable of wilful deception; they, therefore, attributed the phenomena in question to mental delusion. Col. Bundy waited until he found which way the journalistic wind was blowing and then he wheels into line with these enemies of truth and tries to outdo them in efforts to discredit one of the most useful and influential mediums in this country or the world. The course of Col. Bundy, in this instance is strictly in accord with the time-serving policy that has governed him from the first.

We assure Col. B. that *at no time* have we ever received a clairvoyant impression, and, therefore, we claim to be an exception to his general rule, at least. And, yet from the most ample opportunity which we have had of testing the clairvoyant and clairaudient perceptions of Dr. Mansfield we unhesitatingly declare that we know him to be a most perfect and reliable instrument for spirit control. It is this fact that the "Spirit enemies of Spiritualism" have striven so cunningly and adroitly to discredit and destroy; and to the same "Spirit enemies of Spiritualism" Col. Bundy owes the blunder into which he has been led, in this, his last effort to discredit a medium.

Those who have read the *R. P. Journal*, for the past year, will remember the communications purporting to come from the spirit of S. S. Jones, Col. Bundy's predecessor, approving his course and urging him on in his mischievous and inconsistent editorial career. These communications came through the same medium, Dr. Mansfield, whom Col. Bundy now seeks to discredit as a trustworthy medium.

We speak advisedly in saying this, for the effect of Col. Bundy's reasoning, in this case, if accepted, must have that result. What other effect could such a statement in that connection, as the following have? He says:

"A genuine medium may often supplement flashes of pure clairvoyance with baseless fancies of his own, and do this quite innocently. He either does not or cannot distinguish between the two orders of impressions. The *how* and the *whence* are as inexplicable to the medium as to the witness."

Then pray what becomes of that spirit endorsement by Spirit S. S. Jones of Col. Bundy's management of the *Journal*? What of all other psychometric and psychological manifestations of spirit control of mediums? If Col. Bundy keeps on at this rate he will soon take rank with Anthony Higgins, the Jesuit, and Wm. F. Jamieson, the Atheist, as friends of Spiritualism.

Be advised, Colonel,—turn a short corner and strive to win the confidence and sympathy of the friends of Spiritualism rather than the plaudits and contempt of its enemies.

J. B. FAYETTE, of Oswego, N. Y., requests us to inform our readers that he did not offer the article on "Phenomenal Spiritualism" as an advertisement for spirit painting and could not attend to that business, as his time was otherwise occupied.

## A Sociable and Most Profitable Visit.

By telegram from New York, on the afternoon of the 14th inst., we were informed that the editor of the *Banner of Light*, that veteran representative of Spiritual truth, Luther Colby, with his friend and co-adjutor George A. Bacon, would arrive at the Colonnade Hotel, this city, at 6 o'clock P. M. We were delighted a few hours thereafter by a call from that noble, whole-souled friend of humanity, Dr J. M. Peebles, who came to say that Messrs. Colby and Bacon had arrived on their way to pay him and Mrs. Peebles a visit, at their home, at Hammonton, N J, the following day, and honored us with an invitation to accompany them on their mission. This kind evidence of friendly appreciation we were rejoiced to accept, and accordingly made our arrangements to enjoy the society of these able and earnest friends of the cause to which we have devoted our best efforts. As an additional attraction to visit the home of "The Pilgrim," we were promised the opportunity of making the acquaintance of that fearless and incisive Spiritual critic, Mr. A. E. Newton, of Ancora, N. J. Much as was the sacrifice of time that was important to our journalistic duties, we were glad to lay it on the altar of social converse.

As soon as we could do so, we called upon Messrs. Colby, Bacon and Peebles, and found them discussing the merits of an inviting repast after their dusty and wearisome journey from "Down East." A couple of hours of social, pleasant and profitable interchange of thought was passed, when our friends left us to visit Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Kase, at their hospitable home, No. 1601 North Fifteenth street, the arrangement having been made that at 8 o'clock the next morning we should meet at the startling point of the Narrow Guage Railroad to Atlantic City, bound for the Mecca of New Jersey Spiritualism.

As is our custom, we were on hand at the appointed hour and found our host and cicerone at his post. The time of departure had almost arrived, but Messrs. Colby and Bacon were not to be seen. For a few moments Dr. Peebles and ourself experienced that anxiety which is only known by those who realize that some cherished anticipation is almost to slip from them. But we were more than paid for our few minutes' anxiety, when, just as the starting bell tapped, our sight was cheered by the greeting smiles of our friends as they hurried up the gang-plank of the boat.

A five-mile invigorating boat ride, which defied the fury of old Sol, who was striving to scorch us to the tune of 105 in the shade, we took the cars and away we were hurled on the wings of the wind on our way to Peebledom. Brother Colby, as mile after mile was left behind us, began to query whether Hammonton was a suburb of the City of Brotherly Love, as he had been led to suppose by Brother Peebles' remark that he lived a short ride from Philadelphia.

As was natural, Brother Colby missed the granite mountains, hills and boulders of the Land of the Pilgrims, and began to imagine, if he went much further, he would hardly again find his way back to the "Hub of the Universe." He seemed utterly incapable of appreciating the especial attractions of New Jersey, a State that is fast depopulating the sterile lands and inhospitable regions of New England's more wintry latitudes.

After an hour's ride the cry of "Hammonton," from the conductor, relieved the apprehensions of Brother Colby, and a short time thereafter we reached the truly cosy and hospitable home of Dr. and Mrs. Peebles. God bless their generous and friendly souls! Hardly had our thoughtful hostess time to make the acquaintance of her visitors, before she hastened away to assuage the effects of travel over a New Jersey railroad on a hot and dusty day. An ample supply of lemonade, to which the "nectar of the Gods," was as poison, for a time made us so far forget our tribulations, that even Brother Colby thought he was nearer Elysium than he imagined he could ever get.

Having thus prepared us for a Parnasian ascent, Brother Peebles proposed that we should accompany him to his "Den" on the second floor. Here we were introduced to his friend and literary assistant, Mr. Whipple, whom we surprised at his desk, in the midst of his labors. We looked around that "Den" for the "seven-horned" or some other beast who might feel disposed to make a meal of us, but no such monster was anywhere in sight. The reader will not blame us for this vagary of fancy, for we knew that Dr. Peebles had visited the sacred fanes and caves and temples of the Eastern Mystics; and did not know but that he had lured Brother Colby and ourself down among the Jersey pines, to have us devoured by some of those nymphs, gnomes, undines, salamanders or other monsters that prey upon and make sport of the sufferings of poor humanity, at the command of Madam Blavatsky and her disciple Col. Henry S. Olcott, or the Theosophical society, which those hierophants left as a legacy to the fools of America when they took their departure for the scenes of the origin of their mystical nonsense We hope the reader will pardon us for our tax upon their breath in reading that long, but pregnant sentence.

But in truth we found there nothing of the kind; but, instead, the walls lined with shelves which were loaded with 1500 volumes, books containing the most priceless treasures of human thought. In addition to these attractions every spare nook and corner was occupied with some interesting and instructive memento of the scenes which Dr. Peebles had visited in his extended and almost unparalleled travels.

Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, India and Central America were there represented by mementoes, that almost evoked the presence of the past generations who have peopled those distant lands. The short time and opportunity to hear the history of each object of interest from the lips of Dr. Peebles only sufficed to whet our appetite for fuller information concerning the common bond that united humanity in the past, however widely separated they were on the globe; and if possible to evoke the secret which must yet be discovered, before the era of a common brotherhood will again reign upon the earth. We very much fear that Dr. Peebles has got himself into something of a scrape, for he little imagines the "cat houling," as the sailors call it, that is in store for him, should we be fortunate enough to find him at home when next we can get that far away from our editorial post

After three or four hours spent in the enjoyment of these mental surroundings and in constant conversation, to our especial edification, Mrs. Peebles announced the readiness of dinner, and even Brother Colby, who, according to high Western Spiritual authority, feeds on Spiritual "Moonshine" had to admit that the good things of this world, and especially of New Jersey, were hardly inferior to his Spiritualistic fare. We assure Col. Bundy that Brother Colby is only a mortal after all, and will remain so, we hope many years to bless and cheer his fellow mortals on their earthly pilgrimage to that higher life where we will all meet and work in common, even if we cannot do so here. But why can't we do this here? That's what we want to know. Let us one and all try to find out what there is to hinder and give it its quietus. Let Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia join hands, through the *Banner of Light*, the *Religio Philosophical Journal* and MIND AND MATTER, and the common enemy of Spiritualism, the opposition secular press, will soon call out for quarters. We know this co-operation and accord is possible, and, therefore, we shall work to that end. With such a union of forces, the spiritual movement will be irresistible, and all chance of dividing and weakening the spiritual hosts will be at an end.

But to return from this digression to the groaning board of our host and hostess. Reader, if you know what Yankee thrift and skill and Jersey abundance can do, when combined, then you can have some idea of the sumptuous and inviting fare set before us. If you don't, then it is useless for me to try and tell you how we fared.

Such a dinner as that, on a scorching hot day, was enough to make a person feel like sleeping for a week, under ordinary circumstances; but such was the magnetic activity of the surroundings that no one of us succumbed to the calls of old Morpheus, except Dr. Peebles himself, and he only for a few moments, while the rest of us made the most of our time. The one drawback to our pleasure, on the occasion, was that we were disappointed in not being able to make the personal acquaintance of Mr. Newton, as we hoped to do—he not arriving until after the hour that called us back to our editorial and "the devil's" duty, as A J Davis, Wm. Emmette Coleman and Mrs. Wilcoxson will have it, we are engaged in. By the way, these proficients in "diabolical Spiritualism," or "sixth dimension antics," are nearer the truth than they imagine, for we are doing the joint duties of editor and "devil" on MIND AND MATTER. By the by, we have thought something of begging from friend Davis one of his Diakka to relieve us of the latter duties, as we cannot lie worth a cent, and to keep hurling chuncks of solid truth at our readers all the time may weary them. A little of Diakka wisdom might serve for a change, even if it should come in the way of untruthful and "rollicking playfulness."

After dinner Dr. Peebles invited us to the grove of primitive trees at the rear of his home where Brother Colby sat himself down to the enjoyment of a segar that almost made us (anti-tobacco as we are in our sentiments) envy him his delight. By the way, Brother Colby is always an entertaining and busy talker, but that lemonade, or that dinner, or that segar, or the fanning breeze that swept that shady spot, aroused his conversational resources, and for more than two hours we had enough to do to store away, in our mind, the useful information he imparted to us, without desiring to use the time by showing how little we knew on matters that have grown so familiar to this veteran spiritual journalist. Brother Bacon ensconced himself in a friendly and inviting hammock and enjoyed that *dulcet farniente* which only a consciousness of innate goodness can impart to those who are for the time freed from the corroding cares of a busy life.

When all too late for our edification and enjoyment, we were joined by Mrs. Peebles, her kind and cheerful face adding to the light of the beautiful and cloudless sun which was then descending to his evening couch. A short half hour more with these congenial friends, and the finger of Old Time admonished us to leave them, in order that MIND AND MATTER might reach its patrons on time. Consigning Brothers Colby and Bacon to the tender mercies of the mosquitos, wood and berry ticks, and other small but "pesky" New Jersey "varmints," we bid the friends adieu, and at six o'clock P. M., were back in the city to enjoy its bracing evening atmosphere at 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

On their return to Philadelphia, Bros. Colby and Bacon did us the kindness of calling to see us, which they feared they could not do, when we left them, as the former chaffed like a war horse to be in the editorial harness again, and could not be content out of sight of the smoke of "Notsob." Their visit made us feel as if they came, as *avant couriers* of the angel hosts, who are laboring for the redemption of humanity; for ever since an inspiring and peaceful influence has seemed to surround us. Oh! that the world was filled with such messengers of fraternal and peaceful offerings from the abodes of the blessed. Dear readers, will you not one and all say, Amen!

## Experiences and Views of Rev. F. J. Briggs.

*For Mind and Matter.*

EDITOR OF MIND AND MATTER:—From the few numbers of your paper that I have had the pleasure of reading, I perceive that you have taken a resolute stand that mediums, especially those for phases of materialization, since they are the most obnoxious to all forms of opposition, open, lurking, low-bred, bigoted and envious; should be treated with candor, fairness and respect, as though they, too, had some rights, that opponents and those who claim to be investigators are bound to respect. In this you have my sympathy. The principle of investigation, avowed and published by Col. Olcott, to hold all mediums impostors till they proved themselves honest, is wrong in itself and pernicious in its consequences. Mistreating honest mediums and imposing oppressive test conditions upon them, does not help one iota towards detecting impostors. If there are verities in spirit manifestations, whether physical or psychological, those results must be wrought out through law and order, like chemical results, and true likenesses in photography. The chemist must have his conditions and the photographer his. And they would give disastrous manifestations if they allowed every novice to impose his conditions to satisfy himself or his curiosity. And they would find themselves very much in the condition mediums are, if public sentiment clamorously demanded this of them, and construed every refusal of theirs to comply, into evidence of their being frauds.

In my readings and investigations—such as they may have been—I have endeavored, as far as I could, to acquaint myself with those laws and their practical bearings, to obtain the best manifestations. Also, that we might understand our duties towards the medium, and the medium's obligation to investigators. Among rational, moral beings there must be obligations to act up to on both sides. It is not to be all exactions on our part and all compliance on the part of the mediums. And I am willing to contribute what little I can toward assisting earnest inquirers and investigators, and for the defence of mediums against unwise and injurious exactions. In my letter to Mr. Lamb, of Chicago, in answer to his inquiries respecting the phenomena at Terre Haute, published in your issue of June 28, I had, of necessity, to omit many things with regard to the philosophy of materializations which facts demonstrate, that ought to be more generally and better understood. And I would like to pursue this subject further, in a few articles to MIND AND MATTER, should my health permit.

As a starting point, let me restate what I showed in that letter, viz: That the materialized form in which the spirit has incased itself for the time, is merely an effigy, an envelope, all artificial, and the attempts to be a success and it may be imperfect in many ways, according to circumstances. And these imperfections are no evidence of fraud on the part of the medium or spirits. All the life there is in it pertains to the substance as separated from the medium's living organism, like flesh cut away in vivisections.

But, and I do beg the reader to mark this contrast, because it is most important and should never, no never, be forgotten, that flesh is wholly separated from the living organism it was taken from. But the substance that is made up into the materialized form is not wholly separated from the medium. Though to every one of our physical senses it is as perfectly separated as the piece of flesh; still it is not. It is connected by a rapport that is always to be mentally seen in its effect, just as plainly as the rapport between the needle and the magnetic pole. This is called "attraction," and you may call that attraction, too, if you please, or magnetic or vital or psychological, or a "predominant idea," (to please Dr. Carpenter). There is not much in a name when we cannot define the reality. In such cases it is only a stick scientists use to punch at something they do not understand, either to poke it into a shape to suit themselves, or poke it out of their way.

And the very first thing investigators ought to observe, and our "scientific" pig-heads study, is the predominance and force of this rapport or nexus, and realize that it has got to be treated according to the workings of its law, to produce its normal results, good and correct manifestations, just as assuredly as the magnetic attraction must be treated according to the workings of its laws, to bring out its normal correct results. Interrupt this magnetic rapport, or counteract it through ignorant curiosity, or "test conditions" and the needle becomes shaken, wandering and frantic, and you can get nothing correct or satisfactory, and nobody else, as long as that interference with the current is persisted in. It is the same with this mediumistic rapport, only worse. In the former case you can spoil a compass; in this, destroy a medium, soul and body. I return to the materialization.

It has neither heart-beat nor pulse, only when the spirit within chooses to produce an imitation to gratify curiosity, or show its power; and then it can have only one, or both. It is beyond their power to organize an independent, self-acting circulating system. If they could do so, the effigy would possess a physical life centred in itself, which would require the whole nervous structure also. It would be a physical body, and might be separated from its nexus with the medium, as the infant at birth, and sensations could be realized in it wholly separated from the medium. Reincarnation would be possible into every stage of life.

As it is, all the sensations from any treatment upon that take effect in the medium's organism.

To further illustrate our subject and to make clear the points I want to bring out, I recur to the mesmerizer and his subject.

When the mesmerizer puts his subject in perfect sympathy with himself, he cuts off, through his control, the connection between the subject's physical and spiritual systems, and forms a direct rapport between his spiritual brain and the subject's brain. Injure the physical of the subject and he does not realize it, because the connection is suspended between his physical body and his true sensorium, the spiritual brain. But injure the operator and he feels it immediately, because the rapport is between his spiritual brain and the subject's. Whatever sensations are conducted to the operator's sensorium are conducted to his subject's also. And whatever ideas he may choose to send out, through the force of his will, go direct to the sensorium of the subject, and by his will he controls his subject entranced, as the control does the medium. For the time being, this point alone being considered, the subject might as well be without a physical brain, could it be removed and restored without lesions.

But here comes in an important contrast. The subject's body is not made up of substances taken from the body of the operator, and held in rapport with it, to hold unmodified their inherent chemical status, that they may be returned as they were before, and his physical organism suffer no injury, as is the case with the medium. Consequently, he neither feels nor receives any injuries from whatever injuries may be inflicted on his subject. But the medium does because all that has been taken from his or her organism for the materialization must be restored, and exactly restored, or the consequences to the medium must be serious.

I have seen Belle Pervis, a control, several times cut out and give away pieces of her dress among the company, and restore the dress by passing her hand over those places she had cut away. I have a piece she gave me. But latterly they decline to do this, because, as spirit George says, "it uses up so much of the power (forces) taken from the medium." Of course, as anyone might see, all the forces taken from the medium not restored, the system must afterwards restore by extra labor, or do without. And, in either case, it would be wasting his or her vitality.

Some persons are so constitutionally mediumistic, that their contact will impart strength to the materialized form. Others (I think the majority by far) are the reverse. Said Mrs. Teed (a good materializing medium here, and a bright, good spirit now), during one of her materializations at Terre Haute, to Miss Thayer, a clairvoyant and clairaudient, whom she often visits: "Do not let go of my hand; let me hold it; for you give me strength, and I can stay longer." But myself, like thousands of others, am an absorbent. Of all my friends, over there, that I love, and that love me, my father is the only one that can endure contact with my flesh beyond a brief hand-shaking. Consequently, when I am very close to them, it weakens them proportionately. As much as I have regretted this, I cannot help it. Father has sufficient volume of will power to counteract this absorbing tendency; while the rest weaken and soon withdraw from the touch of my hand. Now, as much as any one absorbs from them is irretrievably taken from the mediums.

The preceeding has opened out the following important truth or law to be observed by investigators:

They should never rudely seize, nor roughly handle any materialized form. There are proper and judicious ways to detect impositions, but this is not one of them. To recur again to the mesmerizer who prepares a patient for a surgical operation, as that has several times been done.

The control, Minnie, is the mesmerizer, who mesmerizes the patient, Mrs. Stewart, into a profound trance, and watches that she is held in that state till the close of the seance. The materializing spirit workers are the surgeons, who perform their surgical operations upon her by extracting from her body the substances used mostly in the manifestations. If what is thus taken is not replaced exactly and correctly before her restoration to consciousness, it leaves her in the same condition of the patient restored from the mesmeric trance after the surgical operation has been finished; and the shock to the system, in either case, will be in proportion to the injury inflicted. It may be severe enough to prevent recovery; and, in some cases, has done it.

When will those people (including scientists, pious dogmatists, materialists, and those inconsiderate and rash persons who feel savage, unreasoning, or cross at all discoveries in psychological realms) become wise and considerate enough to treat mediums as they ought to be treated?

In the seance room the mediums should be regarded more as patients than as robust persons. The social atmosphere should be made harmonious, cheerful, affectionate, hopeful and aspiring. During the seance all should be orderly, genial, pleasant, with aspirations out of our very souls for the spiritual and elevating. Then the highest and most satisfactory manifestations can be attained.

I am not a Carpenter "expert," nor a Beard "trained mind" nor a Tyndal "scientist," nor a Faraday "indicator;" nor have I got Dr. Fairfield's "larvated epilepsy" on the brain—thank heaven! But I have had a long experience without being chained to any theory, like a masculine sheep to his sweep, to "swing around the circle," and push my "trained" head at everything that crosses my path. But I can say, without fear of refutation, that the correct and consistent way to investigate these phenomena, is to first supply the right and needed conditions on our part, and leave the medium perfectly free. Then observe the number, the variety, the nature, the character, the forms and phases of the manifestations, without trying to conform them to former opinions, or feeling any haste for conclusions. Judge from the whole and all features of the manifestations according to relative importance and clearness, as one would do, to distinguish a genuine from a counterfeit note; leaving out, for the time, all fanciful desires as to how they might have been done. Do this, and the "crucial tests" will come in due time.

All have their methods, I went first to Terre Haute, nearly five years ago. Profiting by my experiences through hundreds of crude seances in former years, encountering in many of them things dissatisfactory, unsatisfactory, comical, and silly enough to furnish timber sufficient for all the conflicting theories gotten up by those "trained minds and experts," to fight back one patent fact, spirit manifestations. I, at first, only noticed silently what was in the open cabinet, and weighed the sayings and doings of the committee and medium to perceive their inward motives. But I watched the manifestations in themselves and their physiognomy, (as I must call it for want of a better word). I found that prominent parts of many of them were what no mortals could simulate. They were undeniable verities. And as for the medium carrying in paraphernalia under her dress, a four barrel rigged out in female attire as I have seen in evening in some of the seances, this varying from a negro's plantation dress, brogans, boots, and all, to gentlemen and ladies dresses of different colors, styles and qualities, up to the finest and most delicate fabrics, and each manifestation through the services, had a dress in essential respects, peculiar to his or herself. During that visit, I saw thirty different spirits materialized, many of them several times. On the fourth day I told the doctor, in compliance with his frequent invitations, that I was ready to examine the cabinet and premises. He went up and assisted me to turn up the platform, took up the vibrating register, gave me the keys, and left me to myself. The result was the same as all examinations have demonstrated. That cabinet is certainly fraud-proof.

As to test conditions, if a person is not a medium, put him under them, and he can give no manifestations. If the medium is but partially developed, and the conditions imposed inflict discomfort and misery, they will be very likely to prevent any manifestations. They are nearly as effectual tests in this case, as disorderly and rough proceedings in a seance, perhaps not quite so sure, but no less injurious. Where it is known that a person is a medium "strict test conditions" are not only worthless but injurious. The spirits show Mrs. Stewart while they manifest themselves; under control she rises a bell while there are out, thumps the tambourine, capers with her feet. Sometimes the materialization leads her to the front of the cabinet, and they stand there side by side. Once while I was conversing with my mother as she was sitting in a chair by my side in front of the rostrum, a luminous hand was seen by all, up at the top and in the corner of the open cabinet furthest from the medium, six or eight feet out of her reach, ringing a bell and Mrs. Stewart in sight in her chair in a profound trance. These are only a sample of ever recurring tests. What candid person can demand any further "test conditions?" If some will not be satisfied with such, let them go till they become tractable enough to be satisfied with less. Their cavils deserve no notice.

Would it add anything to the certainty that the manifestations were spiritual, if the committee would allow these test screechers to tie Mrs. Stewart hand and foot, put onion poultices over her eyes; stuff one of their stockings in her mouth, sew her up in a sack; and, then, if any manifestations came, require that a lighted lamp should be put into the cabinet, and augur holes bored for them to peep into and to punch through with sticks at the sack to make sure she was there? After all this, if no manifestations came, such S. t. ns could report that "the seance was not satisfactory under their reasonable test conditions, and they could not recommend the medium."

Mr. Morgan, on the start, puts Laura under three good test conditions, and, during the seance, the spirits add a fourth. First—Her hands are filled with flour, so she cannot use them without detection. Second—She places her arms behind her, and her sleeves are sewed together with strong linen thread, so she can only get them loose by tearing her sleeves. Third—A strong, fitting brass belt or band is put around her waist, and any stranger can lock the clasp and keep the key. Then she sits down in her chair in the cabinet, which has been open to examination, and the stranger puts a strong leather thong through a staple of the band at her back, and thrusts the ends through two holes and ties them on the outside as secure as he pleases. Fourth—Before the doors are closed a cord is hung on a nail at the opposite end of the cabinet from Laura. Sometimes in the seance the cord is wound around her several times over the brass belt, and tied with knots behind that make quite a puzzle to untie.

During the seances, the spirits, as they come out and go into the cabinet, show her in her fastenings. All things considered, it is doubtless prudent and convincing for Mr. Morgan to put his daughter under those onerous test conditions. But I dislike them; They are as abhorrent to me as gratifying to others. I believe that her being tied down in that unnatural position for her arms, and one confined posture of her body, for two long hours, increases her physical exhaustion, weakens the manifestations and retards her promising development, and that they are utterly useless, except for those who want child's play to convince them. The English savants who have been investigating (as far as I now recollect) never resort to them. Let the spirits give me the tests when they can and they deem proper, without my dictation.

When I have private seances at Laura's, I always invite her to go into the cabinet free. The first request her father ever hesitated, but finally said, if the company would be satisfied, he would not object, provided Laura was willing. I read him. He wanted no cavilling over the manifestations, after the seance, because she was not under "strict test conditions." And I do not wonder at his apprehensions, in view of the way mediums are treated. Now for the result.

In one of the after seances I was invited up to the cabinet to converse with a materialized spirit. This brought me so that I stood in front of Laura, who was sitting in her chair, with my side and back partly towards her. While I was conversing with the spirit, I felt a hand, first placed on my shoulder and drawing at my collar as if to draw my attention. I looked around; Laura, under control, stood there looking at me and smiling She took my hand. I said, in my surprise, "Why, Laura, is this you?" "It is m," she said, with a laugh; and we enjoyed other pleasant remarks over the surprise. There stood the material zation observing, interested and smiling, at what was passing, and facing both Laura and myself, Laura facing me, having hold of my hand, pleasantly laughing and conversing. The interview was exceedingly delightful. The manifestation was a perfect test, ocular, tangible and auricular Others witnessed it—every one in the room. There is not one weak point or flaw in this test anywhere for cavillers to blaze away at with their blunderbusses.

And the considerate reader will note this: That was a test that I could not have received, nor been worthy of, had I insisted that "all materializing mediums should be put under strict test conditions."

Many of the Jews would not believe in the spirit manifestations through Jesus' mediumship. So they put him under "strict test conditions" on the cross, and said: "Now, if he gives us manifestations, we will believe." But the manifestations not coming, they kept him under their "strict test conditions" till they killed him. Then they bethought themselves of a sudden, that those Spiritualist disciples might play off a manifestation against them, and so they put his sepulchre under "strict test conditions." They went it vehemently for test conditions. Still they would not be convinced; and so they engaged those conversed with them to testify that "the disciples" did it all. So that ring of conspirators among the Cambridge Professors testified against their young student, Dr. Willis. So other cliques of conspirators have done against the Fox sisters, Dr. Slade, Mr. Mumler, Mr. Williams, of England, the Holmeses, Mrs. Teed, Mr. Bastian, the Davenport Brothers, Mrs. Havely, the Eddys, and others; Dr. Carpenter, at random against everyone within his reach, and Dr. G. H. Lewes, to his everlasting shame, against Mrs. Dr. Hayden. The saying of those old conspirators "were commonly reported" among the Jews, as the sayings of these conspirators are, as yet, commonly reported among the people, but are on the wane.

F. J. BRIGGS,

707 West Jefferson street, Bloomington, Ill., July 18, 1879.

## Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting.

At Neshaminy Falls Grove, Willett's Station, Bound Brook Route, now in progress. Opening exercises Sunday (to-morrow) with lecture by Professor J. C. Buchanan of New York, at 10 o'clock, and lecture at 3 o'clock by Mrs. E. L. Watson of Titusville, Pa., with appropriate music by Professor Seiden's band, and a vocal choir. Tickets from Philadelphia to Willett's Station (near the camp) and return (good any time), fifty-five (55) cents, to be had at Berks street station of the Reading Railroad Company. Children, between 5 and 12 years of age, half fare. Trains leave daily at 6.45, 8.15, 10, 11.30 A. M; 1.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 7.15 P. M. and midnight. Returning, leave Willett's Station at 7.20, 8.19, 9, 9.28, 10.48 A. M., 12.58, 3.21, 4.15, 6.22, 7.21, 9.26 P. M. Sundays—Leave Berks Street Station at 9 A. M. and 4.30 P. M. Return, 6.42, 7.30 P. M. Special trains will be run if necessary. Tuesdays and Thursdays will be general excursion days, with special entertainments and exercises at the Camp. The street cars of Second and Third streets, Fifth and Sixth streets and Union Line (green cars) go near Berks Street Station.

JOSEPH WOOD,
Secretary.

# Spirit Communications.

Under this head each number of MIND AND MATTER will contain three or more communications from spirits, such as may be of general interest, and at the same time be calculated to demonstrate the psychological power and influence of disembodied human intelligence over the physical organism of those sensitive persons known as Spiritual mediums. In choosing matter for this purpose, we will give nothing but that which we personally know, or have every reason to believe, is from communicating spirits. The question of identification of the spirits communicating, we will in no case attempt to determine, as that is a matter that would require faculties of perception which we do not pretend to possess. [Editor.]

Communications received through the mediumship of Alfred James, July 17, M. S., 32, and taken down by the editor of MIND AND MATTER.

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GOOD MORNING, SIR:—I believed in this way of communicating both when I was a mortal and since as a spirit. I have seen the demonstrations of the spirit working on man, and, therefore, I was better prepared to enter the spiritual life. I have been very much troubled to try and rectify many mistakes made while in the mortal flesh. I would say to those who weakly yield their best judgment to earn popularity, that they will suffer the torments claimed for the damned. How many men there are, who, from positions in church affairs, every day of their lives, give their honest convictions away and preach that which they know, in their own consciences, is a lie. But men are born and brought up in their young days to certain faiths, creeds and beliefs, and when they grow older and a more mature judgment begins to act, they stifle their best feelings in order that they may live in harmony with their associates. But he who knows the truth, and proclaims it not, will, in the spirit-life, be scourged fearfully by remorse. So be wise in time—raise your voice—"cry aloud and spare not," and you will be rewarded in the spirit even if you are tortured in the flesh. That finishes what I have to say.

EDWARD R. AMES,
Bishop of the Episcopal Church of Baltimore, Md.

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GOOD MORNING, SIR:—I regarded Spiritualism as a delusion when I was here; but then I was by no means a bigoted man. In fact, I always recognized one thing, that all persons must have a belief of some kind in regard to the future life; and this crops out in a very peculiar way and is sometimes very laughable. I had every chance to observe this, and I believe that persons are more easily deluded upon religious subjects than in regard to anything else that I know of. I was a reporter for the press, engaged in many places all over the country, and have now a penchant for gossiping around in the spirit-life; and, as I can go everywhere, in fact have a free foot, I calculate that I shall be enabled very soon to send my old friends some startling information by means of a spiritual telegraph. Sign me,

CHESTER F. HULL,
San Francisco, Cal.

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GOOD MORNING, SIR:—I fell very quick. Sure your honor will let anybody come. Sure I wish to send to my friend Annie. They are all Catholics, sure, and won't believe a word of it. Wait till they come here and we'll play the divil wid 'em. Do ye mind, I went to spirit world in a strange way. Some of us girls worked in a shop. We bought milk that was poisoned, and I and another girl died for it in Cleveland, Ohio. Good bye.

MARY McDEVITT.

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GOOD MORNING, SIR:—I wish to send a few words to a friend of mine, also to a relative, and it will reach them through your paper. In the mortal life I was a medium. The manifestations occurred long before me or my friends knew anything about spiritual matters. My mother will be pleased to read this, I think. I am happy and have reached the position in spirit-life, where I am free from troubles of all kinds, but still like to visit my old friends here in earth form I went young to spirit-life. You will sign me,

SOPHIA F. ANOODIE,
South English, Iowa.
To Mary, Lincolnville, Ind.

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GOOD MORNING:—I come here this morning because this gentleman comes. (Mr. Colby, of the *Banner of Light*, who had just called.) That is, I was drawn here through following him. I came from the part of the country he comes from, to say a few words. I have read your paper many times when here (addressing Mr. Colby), and our friends are very much interested in the Spiritual philosophy and manifestations. I died young, and had hardly time to fulfil my mission I have made this a study in the spirit-life, where you can get much more knowledge of Spiritual things. I am too weak to say any more.

SARAH K. TITUS,
Kelly's island, Ohio.

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GOOD MORNING TO THEE, FRIEND:—Thee must know that I, as a spirit, still desire to give thee all the useful, practical information that it is possible to do in using another's organism Never reject the spirit; throw thyself open to it; invoke it; and, at all times, it will be a light to thy feet when thee treads in dark places. In spirit, I have been rejoined to all those that were investigating the Spiritual phenomena when I was here in the mortal form. Thee may think it strange that of our little circle that were investigating the spirits' return to earth, all have been gathered to the spirit-life; and there, I will tell thee our little circle continues, prominent among whom is my old friend Judge Edmonds And thee must know that this circle has been enabled to do much good in the after or spirit-life. We all work with a will, and we are all humanitarians, with hearts that beat for the good of all spirits and all mortals. Thee may sign me,

ISAAC T. HOPPER,
New York City.

[It is a fact that Friend Hopper was a member of the circle of which Judge John Edmonds was the most distinguished. At the time of his transition to spirit-life, the circle was in session. A few minutes after that event the spirit of Friend Hopper appeared at the circle and communicated with his friends. He died at a very advanced age. He was, in the truest sense of the word, a humanitarian, his long and useful life having been largely spent in acts of benevolence.]

## Editorial Briefs.

DR. J. M. PEEBLES lectures at Alliance, O., during August.

BISHOP A. BEALS lectures at Farmington, O., on the 27th of August.

MRS. C. C. RICHARDSON is now located at the Wilder House, Plymouth, Vt.

DR. J. R. NEWTON, the famous healer of the sick and lame, is spending the summer at Yonkers, N. Y.

ORSON DALRYMPLE will keep MIND AND MATTER on sale at the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting this season.

MRS. S. BYRNES-SNOW can be addressed at No. 107 Saratoga street, East Boston, Mass., by all wishing to address her as a lecturess.

MR. JAMES A. BLISS will be at "Neshaminy" Camp meeting, July 25, 26 and 27, and will solicit subscribers for MIND AND MATTER.

W. HARRY POWELL, the Independent Slate writer, and Mrs. Thayer, the flower medium, will visit the "Neshaming" Camp-meeting next week.

J. FRANK BAXTER will be at the Oswego Falls Grove Meeting, near Fulton, N. Y. He has permanently located in Chelsea, Mass. His address will hereafter be there.

THE address of Lyman C. Howe will be, until the 1st of September, Fredonia, N. Y. He will answer calls to lecture during that time at places not over one hundred miles distant.

CHARLES YIESLEY, late of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, magnetic healer, is now located at Marion, Iowa, with fine prospects of affording relief to many sufferers. Those who address him will please direct to the latter instead of the former place.

C. J. RAICHARD writes us from North Wayne, Maine: "Owing to recent engagement, I shall be in Wayne and vicinity until the 15th of August. Parties writing me during that time, may address me at North Wayne, Maine." Mr. Raichard is a successful magnetic healer, of Highgate Centre, Vermont.

ARE not Messrs. A. J. Davis, C. O. Poole Wm. Emmette Coleman, John C. Bundy, *et al.*, the self-constituted and popularly recognized experts of "diabolical Spiritualism" justifying the charge made by intelligent Spiritualists in all sections of the country, that they are individually and collectively but mere "diabolical" harmonialists and philosophers? *Quiz.*

MR. R F. HASLETT, of Spruce Creek, Pa., called at this office, this week, on his way to the Neshaminy Falls' Camp-meeting. He was an intimate friend of the late Rev. Cyrus J ffreys, who, like himself, was an earnest "Bible Spiritualist." He reports activity among the Spiritualists in his section of the State, but deplores the lack of harmony among them.

WE cheerfully acknowledge, on the part of Dr. T. B. Taylor and ourself, the compliment which Colonel Bundy paid us, in withholding from the readers of the *Journal* the official announcement of our names as among the speakers who are to address the Neshaminy Falls Grove Camp Meeting, now being so successfully held at Willet Station, Penna. Col. Bundy may have been foolish enough to suppose that he was insulting us by that petty manifestation of spite; but we assure him that his intended insult fell upon his own readers whose good sense he questions, and upon the members and managers of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, who honored us by naming us as among their selected speakers. If it were not that we know Col. Bundy to be a medium for very malicious spirits, it might be in his power to make us feel unkind towards him; as it is we can only pity him and labor to deliver him from the evil influences that we know are to blame for all his irrational actions.

WE have received the specimen number of *The Rational Appeal*, the proposed Spiritual and Liberal weekly paper, to be published at Lansing, Mich., by S. B. McCracken, Esq. This initial number cannot be considered a fair sample of the intended publication, for a large part of it is devoted to information concerning the State Camp Meeting, which opens to-day, at Lansing. Indeed, its editor says this little sheet is placed before the public as a specimen in *size and style* of a paper which, it is believed, would be adapted to the present demands and requirements of the spiritualistic and liberal sentiment of Michigan. Should the anticipations of its projector be realized, and the publication be permanently entered upon, we will heartily welcome *The Rational Appeal* as a most desirable reinforcement in the Spiritual Movement. The enterprise, energy and tact displayed by Mr. McCracken will, we feel confident, carry it through, if once he decides to proceed with it. The West especially needs a liberal, spiritual, independent journal, and we earnestly hope the Spiritualists of Michigan and the Northwest will rally to the support of the proposed enterprise.

"DANGER SIGNALS," as well as "storm signals," are in order in the domain of Spiritualism, if we may judge from the activity of "spirit enemies of Spiritualism." These adroit and sleepless deceivers were never more busy than they are now, that their movements and purposes are being laid bare. Even Col. Bundy begins to realize that others are in danger of their arts, even though he is himself "Diakka" proof and invulnerable thereto. In his last he says:

"We are sorry to find such language as the following in an address by Dr. J. R. Buchanan, delivered May 25, 1879, at Republican Hall, New York: 'I speak of Jesus Christ as a present living friend, in sympathy with whom, *and in accordance with whose wishes*, I am proceeding in the establishment of this church for the renovation and restoration of his religion.'"

We have never seen the address above referred to, and, therefore, do not know how correctly Dr. Buchanan is therein reported; but if that learned and able Spiritualist used that language (which admits of but one interpretation), he was, at the time he uttered it, a victim of the deceiving arts of the spirit enemies of himself, as well as the cause he has so long and ably advocated. We trust Dr. Buchanan will publish the facts which he thinks justified him in using that language. If they are good and valid, the world ought to be made acquainted with them, and if there are no such facts, the sooner they know that the better. MIND AND MATTER is at your service, Doctor. Will you favor us and our readers with a reply?

### From an Earnest Worker.

MR. EDITOR:—There is an old legend to this effect, that, "Once upon a time," a child was born "away down East." He was born of a virgin, without father, or natural paternity; but was begotten of the gods, or ascended heroes, or some one of them. When he was born, as the story goes, a bright light moved before some "wise men," who were investigators of all phenomena. They, lacking in astronomical lore, supposed this light to be a new "star" that the Creator had added to the galaxy of the skies. But if it were anything at all, it was, most likely, what we call a "spirit light." Another statement in this ancient legend is, that at the birth of this wonderful child the angels from God, out of heaven came down to earth, and sang a beautiful song of jubilee, filling the air with their sweet voices of thanksgiving.

It is supposed that it was from this very ancient legend that the beautiful story in Luke's Gospel, chap. II, was taken. Be this as it may, my purposes in this brief article are served. It is doubtless a matter of rejoicing with the angels, or spirits, as well as mortals, when a "proper child" is born into this *our* sphere. This was doubtless true when Socrates, Homer, Hesiod, Zoroaster, Confucius, Jesus, Luther, Wesley, Swedenborg, and others of like character were born. Why? Because they were needed. The time had fully come when they, by their greater powers—which were evolved out of their surroundings—could give the world a "boost." So one has been an improvement on the other, according to this law of evolution.

So also in the arts great improvements have been made. We have gone beyond the hieroglyphics, or papyrus, or the leaves of trees, or inside bark, or parchment, or stone, in the record of important facts. We can now *print*, with ink and type, thousand of pages every day. So the angels of progress rejoice at every turning of the wheel. It is a *ponderous*—a *mighty* wheel! And somebody gets hurt at every revolution; and from our standpoint, we say it is so unfortunate, often, that many, many of the most efficient workers are crushed to death. Poor, dear, old Bruno was one; Michael Servetus was another.

Now for the application of these facts. The angels of heaven and earth rejoiced, and do rejoice, that another child has been born; for it is a fact, and "the mother and child are doing well." The accouchment was perfect, and a sweeter, happier, brighter face I have not seen in a long time. And the child has been baptised, not by a gowned priest or mitered bishop, but by the good angels of progress; and they call his name (for it is a 'man child) MIND AND MATTER. But he is a little giant—only a few months old; and he not only stands alone, but walks abroad, and talks like a philosopher. Of course, the angels and all truly good and progressive souls, who know anything about the spiritual philosophy, rejoice that this new-born paper—your MIND AND MATTER, Mr. Roberts—has come to the world at this particular time.

Why at this particular time? Because the angel world, as never before, is on trial; the mediums, through whom the spirit world speaks, are set upon by ignorant beasts, who know about as much about the mysterious laws of magnetism and mediumship as a "pig does about a holiday." And some of our weak-kneed friends sit down, because they are weak; or stand by and fold their arms, or skulk away into the shade, or, like old Peter, deny and curse and swear, while others stand up and boldly oppose mediums and mediumship. How strange this is, and yet they call themselves Spiritualists, but deny the very thing that brought them out of superstition. What would they have known of a real existence beyond the grave, if it had not been for mediumship? Even some of the papers that have been born of and have grown fat on Spiritualism, now doubt, assail, and oppose; while (strange to say) some spiritual societies employ known and avowed anti-Spiritualists to lecture on their platforms. They call themselves "Scientists," and think that when they die all wisdom will die with them, but really have only the merest smattering of what other men have said. These are the opponents of mediums.

Do you then wonder, dear reader, that the angels sang, when Jonathan M. Roberts—the grandest and most substantial friend that mediums ever had—determined to publish a paper that would stand by the angel world and their mediums? Now let every true Spiritualist in the land subscribe for this paper.

You may be a little scared, lest the Philistines control Delila to "entice" this Samson to lay his head in her lap, and sleep till he awakes only to find himself shorn of his strength. Others have failed. But I see over the head and back of this enterprise a bright light, and I hear the angel singing—

> "All hail to the new-born child!
> His name is strength and right-justness;
> His youth shall never fail,
> Nor his strength abated be."

So we will "thank God and take courage." I am more than pleased with the outlook and management of the paper. It is not "a root out of dry ground," but "a tree planted by the river of waters."

T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.
No. 1128 Vine Street, Philadelphia.

### "Oh! Grave, Where is Thy Victory? Oh! Death, Where is Thy Sting?"

TOMS RIVER, Ocean Co., N. J.,
July 19, 1879.

BROTHER ROBERTS:—Having waited in vain for some one of the papers to notice the transition of Brother Frank Pulsifer, one of Bricksburg's most worthy citizens and a true friend to Spiritualism, I am impressed to say that his transition was only another proof of the immortality of the soul. He was well known as a Spiritualist. He was a man of refined nature, upright in his dealings, kind and affectionate to his family, and beloved by a large circle of friends. He left us for a higher life. I was invited to conduct the funeral services, and was controlled to speak from the text—"Behold! I send the comforter." Dr. Marston led the singing, and all joined in singing his favorite hymns—"Watching at the beautiful gate" and "Angels are hovering 'round."

Looking up in his wife's face, several times during his last night in earth-life, he exclaimed, "Do you see father? There he is! he has come for me! Oh! do see him! Why, there he is! he has come to take me over." The expression of his face changed, and seemed to light up with angelic radiant light, and reaching out his hands to his father, who stood in spirit form beside him, he cried out: "Oh, let me go! I long to be there!"

A glorious transition into the higher life. What could be more convincing? Do dying men lie? No! Here is proof. The influence during the funeral services, which were conducted in the orthodox church, was wonderful, being entirely under spirit control. All realized that the comforter was there, and the keen pang of separation was entirely removed by the spirit-presence of Brother Pulsifer himself.

Glory to God—there is no death!
Respectfully and fraternally your sister,
S. K. WILSON.

### Congestion Cured.

The following unsolicited letter has just been received by me, and I publish it for the benefit of others suffering as this lady did:

ROCHESTER, July 13, 1879.

DR. STONE—*Sir*:—I feel impelled to express my gratitude and my full appreciation of the benefits I received through the treatments at the "Cure," during my recent attack of congestion of the lungs. In the early autumn of 1877, I had a most severe and malignant attack of malarial fever and congestion combined, since which time my lungs have never regained their normal condition until now, and for months past had steadily grown weaker, though naturally very strong. A few years since, my physical system had run to a very low ebb. This spring, I had the proverbial slight cold, with no vitality left to combat, fastened its fangs upon me and brought me face to face with that dreaded disease, congested lungs. However, the sequel proved a blessing in disguise, for it took me into the Condensed Air Baths, which treatment has entirely restored the healthful condition of my lungs and dissipated the weakness under which I labored for eighteen months, consequent on that first attack. Since my restoration through condensed air, I certainly feel confident in recommending the Cure to those afflicted with that acute disease. Moreover, I am confident from its effect upon my sluggish liver that it is *the* panacea for that insidious evil—torpid liver. Hoping, sir, you may in the happy future establish many "Condensed Air Cures" for the weal of suffering humanity.

I remain, most truly,
HELEN MILLINGTON,
81 Monroe Ave.,
Rochester, N. Y.

### Neshaminy Falls Grove Camp Meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Bliss, of Philadelphia, have secured a large, new, double house at Langhorne Station, within five minutes ride by cars from the camp ground, and are prepared to receive boarders by the day or week during the entire season. Terms, $1.00 per day, in advance. Persons from a distance, in delicate health, desiring to attend the camp meeting, who fear to sleep in tents, should immediately secure rooms, as this is the nearest house to the grounds, where board can be obtained.

Nearly all the trains to and from the grounds stop at Langhorne Station. For further particulars address,

JAMES A. BLISS,
713 Sansom Street,
Philada., Pa.

## PHILADELPHIA MEDIUMS.

**JAMES A. BLISS**—Developing Circle has adjourned to meet the first Tuesday in September.

**DR. C. BONN**—Developing Circle has adjourned to meet the first Monday in September.

**MRS. C. B. BLISS**—until further notice, will give Materializing Seances in the vicinity of the Neshaminy Falls Grove Camp Meeting.

**MRS. E. R. FRITZ**—Clairvoyant Physician, 619 Montgomery Ave. She treats diseases of the worst form without the aid of medicine Diagnosis of diseases on Saturdays, free of charge.

**Dr. HENRY C. GORDON**—Materializing and Slate Writing Medium, No. 691 North Thirteenth st., Philadelphia, Pa. Seances every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o clock; also Tuesday at 3 o'clock. Private sittings daily for Slate Writing tests and communications.

**ALFRED JAMES**—Trance and Test Medium and Medium for Form Materialization. Private Sittings at No. 1, rear of No. 635 Marshal street below Fairmount avenue. Materialization Seances at the same place every Monday and Friday evenings. Test and developing circle on every Wednesday evening.

**Mrs. E. S. POWELL**—Clairvoyant, Trance and Test Medium—No. 259½ North Ninth street. Public Test Circles on Monday and Friday evenings and Wednesday afternoon. Office hours from 9 o'clock a. m to 5 o'clock p. m.

**Mrs. SARAH A. ANTHONY**—Test Medium—No. 223 North Ninth st. Circles on Monday and Thursday evenings. Private sittings daily.

**MR. AND MRS. T. AMBROSIA**—1030 Shackamaxon street, Clairvoyant, Trance and Test Mediums, Circles, Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Sittings daily. Friday evening circle at 2570 Frankford road.

**Mrs. GEORGE**—Trance and Test Medium—No. 680 N. Eleventh st. Circles on Tuesday evenings. Sittings daily.

**MRS. FAUST**, Test Medium, 936 N. Thirteenth St. Private Sittings daily from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

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**MRS. J. HOFFMAN**—Electric and Magnetic Treatment, 1518 Wallace street, Philadelphia. Diseases of Women and Children a specialty. tf

## SPIRITUAL MEDIUMS.

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MRS. H. S. PHILLIP'S the gifted Trance Business and Test Medium, may be consulted at her home, 113 S. 3rd St., Camden, N. J.—Sealed letters answered and Clairvoyant examination given by hand writing or Lock of Hair. Enclose $1.00.

JOHN M. SPEAR, may be addressed at the office of the *Banner of Light*, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

MRS. L. A. PASCO, 353 Main street, Hartford, Conn. Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer and Psychometric reader. Reference given when required.

### MRS. DR. J. W. STANSBURY

will write you a Psychometric Delineation, or answer brief questions on Health, Business, Marriage, Future Prospects etc., and mail you free the book "Clairvoyance Made Easy," with directions in development. Send age, sex and lock of hair, with 35 cents, (stamps.) Consultations at Office, 10 to 12 a. m., and 2 to 5 p. m. $1.00 and $2.00 Call or address, 164 West 20th street, New York City.

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Office 29 Indiana Place, Boston. Psychometric examination of disease, $1. Remedies adapted to cure all forms of disease, sent to all parts of the country.

# VERB. SAT. SAP.

Though many months have passed since the advertisement of the well-known medium, **Mrs. A. H. Robinson**, who has so faithfully and acceptably served the public in her special calling for a period of twenty-three years, has been published in any Spiritual paper, she takes great pleasure through the columns of MIND AND MATTER, to say to her many friends and well-wishers, and those who may need or desire her services, that she has removed from *394* to *1533 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.*, and ever ready as heretofore, to do all in her power to bring relief to the sick, bind up the wounds of the afflicted, and answer all letters of anxious inquiry in the promptest manner. She has secured the services of one of the best magnetic healers in the country—a lady—who will be in attendance, to treat patients magnetically when ever desired.

## MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,

### Healing Psychometric & Business Medium

MRS. ROBINSON, while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the essential object in view rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the better practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms, and the length of time the patient has been sick; when she will, without delay, return a most potent prescription and remedy for eradicating the disease, and permanently curing all curable cases.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit guides are brought *en rapport* with a sick person, through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief, in curable cases, through the *positive* and *negative* forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, and be it an internal or external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple it may seem to be; remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

One prescription is usually sufficient, but in case the patient is not permanently cured by one prescription, the application for a second, or more if required should be made in about ten days after the last, each time stating any changes that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.

MRS. ROBINSON also, through her mediumship, diagnoses, the disease of any one who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirits controlling her accomplish the same, is done as well when the application is by letter, as when the patient is present. Her gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but as a psychometric and business medium.

TERMS:—Diagnosis and first prescription, $3.00 each subsequent one, $2.00. Psychometric Delineation of character, $3.00. Answering business letters $3.00. The money should accompany the application to insure a reply.

☞ Hereafter all charity applications, to insure a reply, must contain one dollar, to defray the expenses of *reporter, amanuensis*, and postage.

N. B.—Mrs Robinson, will *hereafter give no private sittings to any one*. If privacy is required, it must be by letter, accompanied with the usual fee; and terms above stated, must be strictly complied with, or no notice will be taken of letters sent

## MRS. A. H. ROBINSON'S

### Wonderful Success in Healing the Sick.

The cures performed in all parts of the country through the mediumship of Mrs A. H. Robinson, are no less remarkable than those recorded in the Bible. A lock of the sick person's hair, sent in a letter, and held in her hand enables her to accurately diagnose the disease and prescribe the remedy. One of her spirit guides go in person to every patient and often make their presence known.

During the years 1874 and 1875, Mrs. Robinson treated 6442 patients by letter, and over 2000, who called upon her in person A majority of these cases had been given up as incurable by the regular attending physicians—most of whom speedily recovered under Mrs. Robinson's treatment, without a change from the first prescription.

### MRS. ROBINSON'S TOBACCO ANTIDOTE.

The above named sure remedy for the appetite for tobacco in all its forms, is for sale at her office. Sent to any part of the country by mail, on receipt of $2.00 It is warranted to cure the most inveterate user of the weed, when the directions on each box are followed. Newspapers and quacks will tell you that this antidote is made from gentian root. It is false. Gentian root is no remedy for the appetite for tobacco, but it is injurious to health to use it. *Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote* tones up the system and restores it to its normal condition, as it was before imbibing the hankering desire for a poisonous weed. It is a remedy presented by a band of chemists long in spirit-life, and is warranted to be perfectly harmless. Send for circular and testimonials, 1533 South Dearnborn St., Chicago, Ill.

## ATTENTION, OPIUM EATERS!

Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the celebrated Spirit Medium, has been furnished with a sure and harmless specific for curing the appetite for opium and all other narcotics, by the Board of Chemists, in Spirit Life, who heretofore gave her the necessary antidote for curing the appetite for tobacco, and a hair restorative for bald heads One box of the remedy is usually sufficient to effect a cure. Price $5 a box. Address Mrs. A. H Robinson, 1533 Dearborn Street; Chicago, Ill.

Send lock of hair, and state how long used and the quantity taken, and Mrs. Robinson will diagnose the case, and furnish the Opium Remedy, which is now coming so extensively into use, and has already cured thousands of poor sufferers, one of which reports as follows:

Mrs. A. H Robinson, 1533 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.—Words cannot express my thanks to you and the good angels for providing a remedy to free me from that tyrant—opium. I took the last dose a month ago. I have a little in the house but have no desire to touch it. I took about two-thirds of the box of remedy. For a few weeks I have been troubled with a female complaint that I had when I commenced taking morphine, but now begin to feel stronger and better. I think your medicine is just what it is recomended to be. I shall try to get others to use it who are in slavery as I was. Hoping you may be rewarded for the good you are doing, I remain yours,

AGNES VAN AERNAM,
Little Valley, N. Y., March 20, '76.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 1533 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Dear Madam:—Words will fail me to express my gratitude for the great and good result you have effected, in curing my sister of that cursed habit of using morphine The small sum of $5 a box for the opium remedy (one box having cured her) is like no pay at all.

Your ever grateful friend,
T. W. GALLOWAY,
No. 31 Ada St., Chicago.

## Philadelphia Spiritual Meetings.

**FIRST SPIRITUAL CHURCH** of the Good Samaritan—At the Northeast corner Eighth and Buttonwood streets, third floor. Speaking and test circle every Sunday afternoon and evening.

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THE VOICE OF ANGELS, edited and managed by spirits, now in its third volume, enlarged to twelve pages, will be issued semi-monthly at the Fair View House, North Weymouth, Mass. Price per year, in advance, $1.50, postage 15 cents; less time in proportion. Letters and matter for the paper (to receive attention) must be addressed (post paid) to the undersigned. Specimen copies free.

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## CAMP MEETINGS.

### SPIRITUAL CAMP-MEETING,

The Spiritualists of Philadelphia will hold a camp-meeting, commencing July 18, and continue four successive weeks, at

**Neshaminy Falls Grove,**

distant from Philadelphia 18 miles, and from New York 70 miles Arrangements have been made with the Reading Railroad Company to stop all trains at Willett's Station, distant from the camp grounds about 50 yards at the low rate of fare fifty-five cents for the round trip from Philadelphia; children, over 5 years and under 12, at half rates. Also, special rates of fare have been agreed upon from all stations on the various railroads controlled by the Reading Railroad Company. A detailed list will be published in due time We hope to have complete arrangements with all the railroads leading to Philadelphia at special rates, so that our friends and truth seekers generally may be able to attend our meeting with profit, spiritually, and at a low rate of transportation. The

**Neshaminy Falls Grove contains 20 Acres.**

The station is within fifty yards of the ground. A beautiful stream of water, called Silver Lake, is immediately adjoining the Grove, with twenty-four new row boats, and fifteen patent self-acting swings. Three springs of excellent water are on the grounds The Grove is densely shaded with thrifty oaks and maples. The cool breezes from the cross valleys impart fresh and invigorating air thus rendering it one of the choice places of resort so much sought for during the heat of midsummer in a crowded city. Vocal and instrumental music will be provided during the meeting. There is a large pavilion erected, 64 by 40 feet; also, an ice house full of ice, and other improvements already upon the grounds Other additional improvements are being erected, together with tents, so that the sojourners shall be properly cared for at a low rate for board. Persons wanting tents must make immediate application to the Executive committee, and persons who propose to furnish their own tents will please make known that fact to said committee. Speakers will occupy the public rostrum daily, mornings, afternoons and evenings Mediums for different phases of manifestations will be present, who will furnish evidence of spirit control.

S. P. KASE, Chairman,
No. 1601 N Fifteenth Street, Phila., Pa.
JOSEPH WOODS, Corresponding Secretary.
No. 1506 N. Seventh Street, Phila., Pa.

### CAMP MEETING
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The New England Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association, will hold their Sixth Annual Camp Meeting, at **LAKE PLEASANT**, Montague, Mass, from August 6th to September 3d, 1879. Circulars of information sent on application.

J. H. SMITH, Secretary,
P. O. Box, 1260, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

### STATE CAMP MEETING.

**Michigan State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists.**

A State Camp Meeting, under the auspices of the Michigan State Association, will be held at Lansing, the capitol of the State, commencing Saturday, July 26th, and closing Monday, August 4th, 1879. For circulars, announcements, and other information, address

S. B. McCRACKEN,
*Chairman Ex. Com.*
Lansing, Mich

### The 10th Annual Camp-Meeting.

Of the **Spiritualists** and **Liberals** of Massachusetts will commence Tuesday, July 22d, to close Tuesday, August 12th at **Shawsheen River Grove**, *BALLARD VALE*, on Boston and Maine Railroad. Full particulars in due season *DR. A. H. RICHARDSON*, Manager, No. 38 Monument Avenue, Charlestown.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

**A Trustworthy Man**, formerly in good health and an useful citizen, is now broken down entirely by paralysis and disease, and in absolute need of means of support. Any contributions for him will be thankfully received by Dr. Samuel Grover, No. 40 Dwight street, Boston, Mass., and appropriated for his benefit.

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OF

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# Original Poetry.

## WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?

BY T. P. NORTON.

To this great momentous question
Jesus answered, once for all;
Leaving nought to blind suggestion
Where a penalty might fall;
Yet no sound of condemnation
Chilled his loving words of truth;
Uttered without hesitation
To the rich, misguided youth,
Nor a hope of absolution
As a scapegoat for his pride,
Naught but laws of restitution
Could complete his future guide.

"Go and sell," without reserving,
All which earthly riches bought;
All which to the undeserving
Is with fatal mischief fraught;
Every source of sin's beguiling.
Held by an unwise control,
And of passion's low bewiling
Which degrade the human soul;
All thy stolen earth possessions
Earned by toiler's sweat and gore;
With all due and just concessions
Must thou "Give back to the poor."

Then when thou can'st break connection
With the idols of to-day,
And art humbled by correction,
Like a child from foolish play;
Ready for the soul's transition
Through the dark Gethsemane,
Thou may'st "come and follow me."
Follow me into the garden
Where the dews of heaven rest
On thirsting pilgrims, and where pardon
Waits the poor man's meek behest.
I will teach thee of the uses
Of the wormwood and the gall,
And the heartless world's abuses,
Which up on the needy fall;
I will show who build a mansion
In my Father's house above,
Through the spirits full expansion
Wrought by charity and love;
Show these rich men, whose exemption
Lingers o'er their prison cell,
Working out their soul's redemption
From the curse which brought their hell.
Then in future, for thy lesson,
If to thyself thou would'st be true,
Ne'er permit thy right hand's knowing
What thy left hand deigns to do;
And teach all who fear disaster,
Who would heed my words to-day,
Nevermore to "call me Master
While they do not what I say."

## GOD'S WRECKS.

BY HORACE M. RICHARDS.

Can'st thou chain old Time in his march from the past?
Can'st thou stay the simoon's death-dealing blast?
Will a sweep of thy hand send backward the tide,
To the sources that channel the steep mountain side?

Will darkness return? the sun cease to shine?
Or Nature revolt to obey words of thine?
Will thy voice hush the music of unnumbered spheres?
Will it lengthen, or shorten the incoming years?

Will spirits that have fled their earthly abode?
Re-inhabit their forms at thy beck or thy nod?
As well might thou try all these to control,
As to stay the march of a human soul.

Though born in sin, and raised in despair,
The soul of a God lies slumbering there.
Then this be the lesson, O man! in thy pride,
God's wrecks that now drift down humanity's tide.

Thy brothers, thy sisters, are all in His care,
The highest, the lowest, His love equal share,
And souls that seemed buried in sins deepest tomb,
In their hearts hold the germ of blossom and bloom.

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

## FACTS FOR CONSIDERATION.

RIVERSIDE, May 25.

FRIEND ROBERTS:—I wish to say a few words in connection with some events referred to by your correspondent, Gen. Edwards, from Washington, D. C., in May 17th of MIND AND MATTER. I most fully believe that when Victoria C. Woodhull attacked the mediums, she attacked a power greater than that of H. W. Beecher, and said so at the time; and I also believe as fully that Mrs. Stewart of Terre Haute is a genuine materializing medium. I rejoice in her success, and in the grand reward that has come to friends Pence and Hook for their faithful and persevering efforts; but facts are facts, and justice is justice. How much Mrs. S. may have been under the control of opposing or Jesuitical spirits, or how much her spirit control may have been taken captive by these same opposing powers in spirit life, she being thus neglected for a time, by proxy, as it were, to the enemy, this I cannot say; but that she was caught tricking at that time, I have proof that it would be impossible to make me doubt or question. I am well aware that the real Mrs. Stewart may have had no more to do with this, and even when caught, in explaining to the committee how she did it, and showing what they had not yet discovered. I am well aware that Mrs. S. may have had no more to do with this, so far as her real self was concerned, than has the subject who is controlled by the psychologist in doing what he performs through the will of the earthly and visible controls. Still it was done, and in order to vindicate her or any other medium, it is not well to ignore facts and denounce unjustly. I knew a medium, who I believe was as true as the sunlight, whose control was made the victim of conditions, and played such a trick upon her as nearly crushed her. This was Mary Jordan of Muncie, Indiana. I know not where she is now, nor if living.

Her control called himself Sampson, of Bible times. The conditions required were a common fall-leaf table, and a cloth thrown over it dropping to the floor. Others might prepare this rude cabinet, choosing their own table-cloth, chair for the medium to sit on, etc.; and this might be done at home or abroad, in a private house or the public hall. The medium would then take a seat at one end of the table with her feet just under the cover, and sit quietly with the rest of her person in plain sight. The only change of positions I ever noticed was from a resting of her hands upon the table, to resting one elbow upon the table and her head upon her hand. I have not the time nor space to describe the various manifestations, but I once sat down at the opposite end of the table, put my foot just under the cover, it being not less than two or three feet from the medium, and my gaiter was unlaced and pulled off by what, judging by the feeling, was a pair of large hands not exactly used to such work.

Miss Jordan went to Richmond, Indiana, and in a seance there her gaiter was found off, and a hole in her stocking some two inches long, evidently cut with a knife, and the conclusion heralded to the world was that she did these things with her toes. She must have had wonderful strength in her toes and wonderfully flexible joints to enable her to make a large table move up and down to the time of music, and not a visible movement of her person. But what were the facts of the case? Two young physicians and their skeptical friends determined to learn how the thing was done. Some two or three seances had been held, and the mystery was still unsolved, and so confident was the medium in the power that controlled, that at this particular seance there were only skeptics in the room. She had on a pair of new elastic gaiters, and falling into a half-unconscious condition, she was aroused and shown her gaiter off and stocking cut. Spiritualists in the house, but not in the room, were called, and word was heralded abroad that Mary Jordan had been exposed, and, though vindicating herself in another seance, the retraction of her accusers did not reach as far as their accusations.

Now what did the control say in reference to the facts?"

"I pulled off your gaiter; I took a penknife from the window and cut your stocking."

"Oh, Sampson, how could you serve me such a trick?" asked the medium.

"These doctors had been hunting for your toes for two days, and I thought I would help them."

The doctors claimed that she did it with her toes and were seeking to prove it, but what would common sense have said? Simply that it would be impossible for a person to pull off and put on a new elastic gaiter without the help of the hands, and, therefore, the medium would have known better, had she designed trickery, than to attempt what she must know she could not accomplish without detection.

The magnetic power of the opposition evidently took control of the medium's control; so in the case of Mrs. Stewart, at Chicago. There was a terrible battle fought at that convention between opposing forces in the invisible realm. The contending hosts must have known of its coming and prepared for it, while the higher powers looked on and permitted what would be educational and disciplinary to both parties. Shall we say that Mrs. Stewart's immediate control, feeling the coming pressure, did not prompt her medium to prepare for it? Or shall we say that the opposing forces in the guise of friends did not suggest to said control the necessity of such preparation, thus hoping to accomplish the defeat of the medium?

For one, I dare not say that one or both of the above was not true. But if it were proven that Mrs. S. did in and of herself, without any foreign influence, intentionally cheat at that time, and at divers other times, it has been most fully proven that she is a medium for genuine manifestations, and what are the opposers of Spiritualism going to do about it.

I will simply add, in the words of C. Fanny Allyn, the results of cabinet and dark seances "depend altogether upon who attends."

As soon as time permits I will send you some account of Jesuitical and other influences in Southern California.

Yours, for truth and progress,
LOIS WAISBROOKER.

P. S.—Dr. Cooper, of Bellfontaine, O., spoken of in connection with "Billy's" picture, is cognizant of the above facts and knows how true, as a woman and as a medium, Mary Jordan was. L. W.

## A. J. DAVIS AND SPIRITUALISM.

[The following highly appreciated article from the pen of Professor Toohey, was by some accident misplaced, and could not be found until the present moment. Although written six months since, and when especially called for by the high antics of A. J. Davis and his followers, in their efforts to subordinate Modern Spiritualism to what they term Harmonial Philosophy, it is none the less appropriate at this time. Mr. Davis and those who seek to rule, or failing in that, to impede the Spiritual movement, need just such a call to halt as Professor Toohey has given them.]

*Editor of Mind and Matter:*

DEAR SIR:—After an absence of nearly five months from home, I returned a few days since, and found some copies of your newly issued and handsomely gotten up paper awaiting me. Wife had done me the kindness to forward the earliest numbers, which were read with more than usual interest, and then put into the hands of Spiritualists and Materialists for examination. What the result will be I must leave for time and better circumstances to determine, as there is too much financial poverty among the Liberalists in Central New York, to hope much from any of them, so long as "the poorer classes" continue so numerous, and "the wherewithall" to help you in publishing your paper is so very hard to get, and so very difficult to part with. I will indulge the hope in passing that your enterprise and independence will not be overlooked or forgotten; but recognized and supported, since you propose to make MIND AND MATTER work together for good in the up-building of a spiritual unity. So hoping, I will leave your future in the keeping of those who, I trust, are better able to do with and for you than I can at present writing.

This general acknowledgment is due for your kindness in sending your paper thus far, and had I the means I would contribute something more substantial and less commonplace than thanks. I can say so much in good faith, however I may differ with you in the method you use, or the Spiritualistic policy you support, for I like independence, courage and earnestness, all of which you manifest in a more than usual degree. Later, I am expecting to see the use you are to make of these and the other attending virtues of your mind, as there has hardly ever been a time when the Spiritual press was more in need of a "new departure." Here, as heretofore, the more mature and thoughtful Spiritualists are looking for the Science of Spiritualism, they having tired of sensationalism and commonplace; and that you may understand just what I mean by the Science of Spiritualism, I will add a few reflections on the relation A. J. Davis sustains to our common cause. I do this the more freely since your late paper in the same direction is suggestive of "better things."

It was my good or bad "fortune" to make the acquaintance of Mr. Davis soon after the publication of his so-called "Revelations." Indeed, I think you may find, in Philadelphia, Liberalists who may remember my lecturing on that book before the volume had been given to the public, I having seen and read the proof-sheets of the same while visiting the home of the Rev. T. L. Harris in New York. From that time to this I have been thoughtfully looking after the "missing links" of the "Harmonial (?) Philosophy," and now and again have to rub my eyes at the "bran new plans and speculations" of Mr. Davis and his friends, on the uses and "abuses" of Spiritualism. Mr. Davis early complained of the multiplication of Spiritualists, and the difficulty attending the development of "harmonial philosophers;" and writing to S. B. Brittain, in 1854, says: "There are getting to be multitudes of Spiritualists; when shall we look for a beautiful crop of harmonial philosophers." (Spiritual Telegraph Papers, vol. v., p. 191).

Later, J. B. Loomis inquired, "Why, then, are Spiritualists so willful in their ignorance concerning the heaven-wide difference between the states of mediumship and that known as the superior condition." (*American Spiritualist*, April 9, 1870.) And still later, and to the same general effect, is the series of articles by C. O. Poole, in the *Banner of Light*, during last summer; but in all this rehash of commonplace, the "missing links" do not appear, and "the harmonial (?) philosophy" does not harmonize with Spiritualism or science. On the contrary, it is made to appear that Mr. Davis has either "renounced" or "denounced" Spiritualism again and again, because Spiritualists do not harmonize and become "harmonial philosophers," or else he is a Spiritualist with a qualification, *i. e.*, a clairvoyant and "not a medium."

From this "much ado about nothing," I have long since dissented, and think it full time that Spiritualists do themselves the larger justice of inquiring after the assumptions and pretentions of a revelator that reveals nothing not previously known, and fails to report correctly the known and the knowable of history, science and life. And this they will do, if they will read up the literature of Spiritual progress in the United States from 1843 to 1853, for within those ten years the beginnings of the harmonial philosophy may be found independent of the ministrations of A. J. Davis. And having learned so much, they may also find why conditioned impressionalists like Mr. Davis may be sensitive to the influence of minds in the body, and be wholly insensible to minds out of the body—a discovery that will account for many things not known to Mr. Davis or his friends, and prepare the way for the true philosophy of the "conditioned."

Co-operatively yours,
J. H. W. TOOHEY.

No. 20 Everett avenue, Chelsea, Mass.
January 12, 1879.

Rev. L. B. Hughes, of the Philadelphia Cambria Street M. E. Church, says: "The burning up of the earth will be a great process, not of destruction, but of purification. The scriptures nowhere declare that the earth will be annihilated, nor can we see any necessity for its annihilation. Why should we desire to see annihilated anything that God hath made? Everything was once good; why may not it be so again? It was sin that made the earth bad. Expel sin, and the earth will be as fair as it was in the beginning. Jesus came not to destroy the works of God, but the works of the Devil; to renovate, not to annihilate. According to the testament, there will be a new earth. We may infer that the present earth, though destined to burn up, will not be destroyed, but renewed and refined—purged of its natural and moral imperfections. When, in the general conflagration, all things material are dissolved, separated, all decomposed, why may not the original matter of which the Creator formed this earth, after it has undergone this change by fire, enter again into the same composition of a new system? It is both more reasonable and philosophical to conclude that the earth shall be refined and restored than be destroyed.

## Words of Experience Worth Heeding.

What are the lessons which the spirit-world has given and is still giving to the children of earth? That is a question easy enough to ask, and no doubt easy to answer, by many; and yet, perhaps, no two persons would give answers very much akin to each other, as each inividual wisely sees things a little differently from his fellows.

For my own part, I feel most incompetent to the task of answering the above interrogation, however truly I may perceive the subject with the mind. But, perhaps I may be pardoned for advancing a few ideas bearing upon the subject. First, then, it seems to me, that the present time is pregnant with import. The teachings of the past we have received as children, and like children we have often been deceived by the simplicity of our faith in everything we heard or saw. But to-day may we not receive the lessons coming from the spirit-world as children of a larger growth?

In the past we could see spiritual things, too, but to a very limited extent, and the spirit-world appeared very simple to the observer, compared with it to-day. Of course that is all, according to the law of progress, right and proper. In the twenty-three years of the writer's observations and investigations of spiritual phenomena and teachings, how many has he seen who become heart-sick, discouraged or disgusted on account of the many frauds practiced upon them; or on account of the sufferings and difficulties into which they had been led by placing too much faith in what they had received through the media as coming from trusted spirit friends.

But instead of learning a lesson; gaining a point thereby, and still pursuing the course that leads to knowledge by persistent investigations through every difficulty, they become disgusted with the whole thing, and in order that their apostasy might appear consistent, they turned to damning and deriding Spiritualism and all things connected therewith, honest mediums, as well as the frauds, receiving a large share of the most cruel abuse. For one, I admit that in no sense have I been exempt, above my brethren, from the consequences of at first placing too great confidence upon what was told me. But, from the time of receiving my first communication, twenty three years ago, to the present time, I can truly affirm that a doubt as to the fact of spirit existence, after the change called death, and of the ability of spirits to communicate with the people of earth, has never for one moment crossed my mind.

To such a fact, of course, I owe much, and while possessed of it, would never think of ceasing the pursuit of knowledge that I was satisfied lay in that direction. A long time since I learned to count no difficulty too great, when useful knowledge was at stake. And perhaps, if we would admit it, we would find that we could learn something from every experience in life. An honest, manly and fearless investigation of the subject of Spiritualism, and a candid observation of the facts it presents, is, I believe, fraught with that which will prove of the greatest concern to man. That we have been deceived and led, as may have seemed to us, astray, is well; for we no doubt needed all we got in that direction to set us right and bring us to our senses. But for just such treatment we would become ninnies and lose, to a great extent, our self-hood, or individuality—become less instead of greater, weak instead of stronger, depend upon others instead of depending upon ourselves. Of course such a state of things as that can never be tolerated by a wise and progressive law, hence the remedy. If we have been deceived a thousand times, it only, all the more, goes to prove the great need we stood in of the corrective. We must learn to use the reason which the great source of wisdom has endowed us with, for we know full well that that faculty, wisely developed and devoid of prejudice, can never lead us wrong. Then let us learn by experience, turning everything to account, remembering that if our tribulations are great, that eternity is long; that it is better to learn here, though the lessons be ever so hard, than to enter into spirit life with regrets that we had not done our duty more thoroughly and more bravely while we had the opportunity. My idea of the question that heads this article is, that the great aim and purpose of the rigid teachings of the present time is, to develop men, as through fire, for the work to be done in the immediate future. No weakling or pusillanimous individual will answer the purpose; only those who have been tried by the severest tests will be accepted for the work, and who should have for their motto, "Our aim the pursuit of Truth and the enlightenment of all mankind." In the light of the developments being made by the spirit-world, at the present time, and from what has been given from time to time in the past, how important it becomes that every true lover of liberty should be found on the side of truth and righteousness, and in opposition to those who are striving with all the powers they can command, to turn back the wheels of progress, which the great Father of Wisdom has sent out upon its mission of love to His down-trodden and suffering children. But there is no fear for the final triumph of right, for the Sun would as certainly rise in the West and pursue its course to the East, as that darkness should triumph over light, or wrong over right. As progress is the order of everything, the ultimate must be good.

But who or where is the man so blind to his own good, that will, for the sake of temporary advantage, take side against his fellow-man? Where is a man's self-respect—where his nobleness of soul, that he can think to raise himself by putting his foot upon the neck of his brother? Does he not know from the fact that all law being progressive, that justice must be the ultimate of all things; that truth must triumph over error; that all must reap that which they sow? If there is any one thing that will tend to raise the people to a higher moral plane, it seems to me that the doctrine of self responsibility is that thing. In other words, that all must father their own acts, never forgetting that every act leaves its impress upon the soul, and with that soul and its impress, and that only, will each and every one enter the spirit world to find themselves rich or poor, bright and beautiful, or gloomy and miserable; in short, to find themselves exactly what their own acts have made them. As each paints the panorama of life, so they must view it. Then, to have it a joy forever, make it as beautiful as possible by good and noble deeds to your fellow creatures.

"To thine ownself be true, and it shall follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to anyone." TAYLOR BUZZELL.

## William Emmett Coleman's Explanation.

J. M. ROBERTS, ESQ.

*Dear Sir:*—In compliance with your request to state the reason why I referred to Dr. Babbitt, in my reply to a "Prominent Spiritualist," I submit the following:

Some weeks before my correspondent wrote me, Dr. Babbitt, in two articles in the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, had intimated that my writings indicated a lack of charity toward those criticised by me; and, in my reply to my correspondent, whose strictures were of a somewhat similar character to those previously published by Dr. Babbitt, I alluded to those also of Dr. Babbitt, replying thus, incidentally and briefly, to Dr. Babbitt as well as to my correspondent.

Had Dr. Babbitt been my correspondent, I certainly would not have said, in a letter to him, "as Dr. Babbitt seems to hold," using the third person, but I would have said, "as you seem to hold." My reference to Dr. Babbitt by name in the letter plainly evidenced that he (Dr. B.) could not be my correspondent. My speaking of him as a third party undoubtedly precluded the idea of his being the person to whom I was writing—the terms of my letter shut him out entirely; how then could I suppose that any one would think I meant to indicate him as the person addressed? If I am writing to Dr. Babbitt, assuredly I will not, in the body of my letter, say, "as Dr. Babbitt remarks," but I will say, "as you remark;" but if I am writing to John Smith, I will then, of course, say, "as Dr. Babbitt remarks."

Respectfully,
WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

[Had Mr. Coleman, in referring to Dr. Babbitt, said anything that could have led his readers to understand that he was replying to what Dr. B. had written some weeks before for the *Journal*, he would not have been misunderstood as to the author of the letter, which he made the occasion of his uncourteous criticism. Indeed, Mr. Coleman, by his explanation shows that his criticisms were especially intended for Dr. Babbitt, because the latter had, some weeks before, "in two articles in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* intimated that my" (Mr. Coleman's) writings indicated a lack of charity towards those criticised by me" (Mr. Coleman). We cannot, therefore, see how this explanation mends the matter.—ED.]

## CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, Mass., July 18, 1879.

*Editor Mind and Matter:*

I feel it a duty which I owe to the readers of your paper, to tell them of the wonderful powers of a woman who has hitherto been unwilling to let her name be known as a medium. I have at last gained her consent, to give, in brief, an account of the effect which the recent storm had upon her. The papers have given to the public already graphic descriptions of the ruins and disasters which it caused by sea and land. But I can testify to facts which astonished me more than the storm could have done. I refer to Mrs. Kamoo, M. D., who is a Moorish physician, from Tunis, and who resides at 181 Shawmut Avenue. I have spent the whole week at her house, and have the right to tell what she predicted, and which no one in Boston can deny the fulfilment of.

On the morning of Tuesday, July 15th, Mrs. Kamoo said to me: "There is something hanging over this city—some darkness—something that will try men, and cause wives and mothers to weep." And she sat for hours, unable to eat or sleep—hearing cries for help.

Wednesday morning, the 16th, at 8 o'clock, when the sky was clear, and no sign of an impending storm, Mrs. Kamoo said: "Before 6 o'clock there will be one of the most severe storms ever witnessed pass over the city, and those who have gone to the different places of resort to-day will not all of them return alive."

Being on the fourth floor of the block in which she lives, there was visible from the windows looking northwest, at least 30 miles, from one extreme to the other, and in the exact direction from which the storm came. At 3 o'clock I could see no signs of a shower, and jokingly asked: "Where is the storm you promised?" Her answer was: "From 4 to 5 o'clock you will not ask that."

Sure enough, before the time had elapsed, her windows were broken and carpet drenched, hail stones as large as hickory nuts covering the floor. She said: "Don't be afraid of your Heavenly Father; it is His hand and majestic voice. He doeth all things well." A few minutes later, while standing looking at the ruins about the room, she cried aloud, and put her hands to her face, to shut out the sight of the dead and dying, and exclaimed: "Oh, the boats are turning bottom side up, and men, women and children are lost!" And then there was another scream, and an explanation that a building had fallen, and men were buried alive, and so on; faces continually coming up before her, calling for assistance.

This woman was not entranced, but was, to me, apparently in the normal condition that I was myself in. She claims her powers to be a gift from God, and one peculiar to her people. Says she has had the same experiences for 40 years—long before Spiritualism was known in this country. Having been educated in Germany as a physician, she is qualified to prescribe for all diseases, after reading them from personal interviews—laying no claim to spirit power, but gives all the praise to God, who gave her this power.

I could fill these columns with her wonderful gifts, and the clear sight she has for reading disease. She is intuitive, and upon all subjects will decide important questions almost instantly. Her Bible is her guide, and in giving either her treatments, or remedies, she invariably asks God to bless the means used for the restoration of health.

M. K. PARKE,
44 Lewis St., Lynn, Mass.

P. S.—The subject of the above remarks has a black face, as all the Moors have; but any of us might envy her her amber soul when the records are footed up in the land where there will be no distinction of color. B.

GLEN BEULAH, Wis., Jan. 1, M. S. 31.

*Editor Mind and Matter.*

DEAR BROTHER:—Being at L. Patcher's last night, (Ripon, Wis.,) one of our staunch Spiritualists, I chanced to see your paper lying among the rest. Carelessly taking it up, glancing over its heading, my first thought was, "another spiritual fungus—MIND AND MATTER—big name; too expressive of its objects to capture the public eye; will soon play out, to the sorrow of the poor fellows who have staked their all on the uncertain sea of newspaperdom." Reading along, I began to feel the compunctions of a happy repentance, and when I had finished one editorial I wanted to apologize to you, for I perceived that MIND AND MATTER is no sham, but a solid, logical, reasoning weekly, having a genuine spiritual ring that sounds to me like the mellow tones of a bell on the watch towers of the angel world.

Most heartily do I want to thank you, sir, for the bold stand you take in defence of our media, who have lately been pushed almost to the wall by critics, who, though meaning well, have been so merciless as to well nigh neutralize the laws of mediumship. I am happy to notice, too, that while you defend them you by no means excuse any deception whatever. Another thing worthy of note is, you include in the hard-earned name of Spiritualism not only phenomena, but all the correlative virtues and reforms; all that enchants, refines and rejoices mankind; all that is good and noble in human character. What do we, when we ignore phenomenal Spiritualism? What have we left to assure us that the angel world has opened a way of communication with this one? Can we afford such a loss? As well might we deny the future use of the a b c, which, by some linguistic art, chime in all our literature, as to ignore the evidences of spirit presence. But for these "we are not saved—are yet in our sins." If, however, we remain where the evidences place us, repeating what we have already seen and heard, we are like the traveler, who, arriving at the guide board, sits down, concluding the journey is finished. The order is, first, phenomena; second, science; third, the application of what we have learned for the ends of improvement.

You have begun well, and I hope you will be able to "withstand all the fiery darts of the wicked." You have assumed a great responsibility, that of harmonizing the spiritual with the material, of making one new, beautiful embodiment of life from "mind and matter." With clean thoughts and a worship of the good, with a listening, to what the spirits say unto mortals, so benighted without such ministry; you have the assurance in the law of cause and effect, that you will "reap if you faint not"—reap a harvest of enlightenment, and enjoy a harvest home of souls better fitted for higher uses when we "are worthy."

Fraternally yours,
J. O. BARRETT.

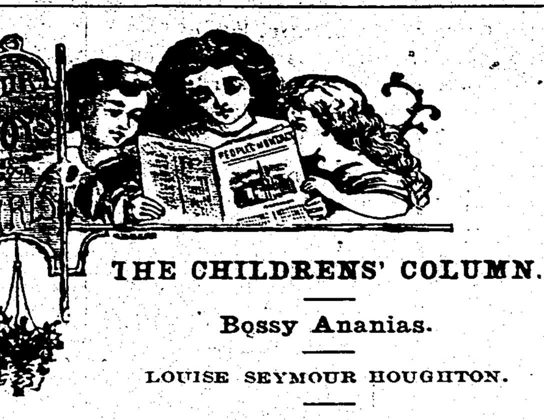
MR. EDITOR:—A writer in a daily paper says, with a very bad grace, I think, that Spiritualism is something which is "handy to have in the house," as an excuse for evil doing. He is evidently totally ignorant of the fundamental principles of the spiritual philosophy which must certainly not be held responsible for the mistakes and cupidity of fanatics any more than true Christianity should for the bloody scenes which has ever followed in the wake of the religion which has borne its name for two thousand years, and for the bigotry and selfishness which is practised under its cloak today. It certainly might be said with truth of such a religion, "that it is handy to have it in the house" of the evil doer. And I would here inform the writer that Spiritualists believe that there is no forgiveness for sin—that everyone must suffer for wrongful actions—and that there is no scape-goat at the eleventh hour, or at any other period upon which they can saddle the sins of a lifetime, or, indeed it would be "something handy" for some people "to have in the house."

It appears that for some it is "handy" to have a little bigotry to stir up the embers of that spirit of persecution which still smoulders beneath the cloak of all the old selfish theologies.

Spiritualists admit that they are innovators upon established opinion in reference to the unseen world; their interpretations being of a very different order. Hence this determined opposition and often false representation of their opponents.

Notwithstanding that ignorant sceptics may look upon Modern Spiritualism as a puerile superstition, any thinking mind will readily discover that, embracing as it does the magnetic phases of our nature, the phenomena of natural prevision and the hallowed traditions of the primitive history of man, it presents a solution and an evidence of the physiological and theological developments of all religions in all ages, showing that the ridicule and doubt cast upon them by a transitional age, resulted from the superficiality of the philosophy of that age.

The religion of instinct, intuition, and inspiration is a magic circle which had never been reached by the irradiation of knowledge, and the problems and anomalies of human nature which cheered, seared, or amused our sires, are now classified to be understood and appreciated. F. P. N.



## THE CHILDRENS' COLUMN.

### Bossy Ananias.

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

A group of colored children was congregated about the hotel piazza, in a Southern town. The youngsters were hopping, and jumping and giving each other sly pokes and digs, uttering subdued little screams and giggles, but ever with a sharp eye on the dining-room door, closed to exclude the sunlight.

The doors flew open, at length, and a stream of gentlemen and ladies issued forth upon the piazza.

A dozen little swarthy hands were stretched forth at once, clasping tightly a bunch of drooping violets, a cluster of roses, or half dozen little brown bulbs.

"Wahts flowers, missis? Please buy my roses! Wants lily roots to carry Norff? Dey keeps so till you sots 'em in de groun'."

A sweet looking lady drew near, with a fresh, fair complexion and bright, brown eyes, but with snow white hair beneath the fold of soft white lace which encircled her head.

"Who has a little alligator?" she asked.

"Mos' too sune for 'gators," remarked one.

"Bossy Ananias got a 'gator," said another.

"Who?"

"Bossy Ananias, missis. He done got a 'gator. You Bossy! show your 'gator to de lady."

At this the sable crowd parted and a light colored boy, with a young alligator on his arm, was pushed front.

"So you have an alligator," said Mrs. Ormerod. Bossy's eyes twinkled.

"Seed him on de mammy's back," he answers. "Chucked a chunck of light 'ud ahind her. Ole mammy flop off in de creek. Baby tumble in de mud. Catch him jess as easy!" And he fondles the little reptile and lays it against his cheek.

"What do you ask for the alligator?" asked Mrs. Ormerod.

"Don't ask nuffin for 'um."

"But I should like to buy him," she continues. "I want to take him North, to my little grandson."

Bossy shows his teeth, but is unmoved.

"Bossy won't never sell his things," remarked an older child, a pale, heavy eyed quadroon girl. "He done got lots o' critters to the house; coons and squirrels and 'gators and sich. Won't sell a nary one."

"Why not, Bossy?" asked a gentleman. "Don't you like money?"

Bossy reflects. "Dey like me," he answers. "Dey don't know wite folk."

The little alligator on his shoulder stretches out its head and utters its plaintive croak. Bossy puts up his hand and pats it.

"It knows what we is saying," he remarks. "Hit don't want to go Norff." And he turns away with his pet, and runs off among the other children.

"That's a character," observes a gentleman.

"And what a name," says another. "Where could he have got it?"

Bossy meanwhile had left the children at the path which led to the school, and passing out through the park, turned down a sandy road towards the river shore, where his home was. Bossy had no eyes for the wonderfully picturesque appearance of the tumble-down shanty where he lived. He knew that the rain dripped upon his bed, on stormy nights, and that the wind whistled through the crevices in the wall and made his toes ache. But he was not thinking of that as he opened the smoke-house door and went in, his pet still upon his shoulder. A great scrambling was heard within, and then a happy laugh, which seemed to bubble over out of Bossy's little heart upon his red lips.

"You Bunny! 'Have yo'self! Git down dar, ole Poss! Quit it, now; quit it, I say!" and Bossy tumbled out of the smoke-house door, with a black fox-squirrel clinging to his ragged sleeve, a raccoon following at his heels, and a baby rabbit in either hand; the gator remaining all the time upon his shoulder.

"Dat ar squill's de fightinest beast I ebber see," observed Bossy, shaking off the black animal, which, however, did not relinquish its hold of the ragged shirt-sleeve, but carried a great piece with it. "Wants me to sell you off Norff, hey?" he asked, in a severe tone, shaking his finger at his delinquent pet. "Wite folks wants you, bad. Give heap o' money for you. Dey don't know you like I does. What you tink if I sells you off Norff, hey?"

Then, as the impish beast made the deprecatory gesture, common to its kind, placing its fore-paws upon its breast and moaning, he hastened to add: "Dar, shet up now, honey; nobody ain't gwine sell you Norff if you 'haves yo'seff," and betook himself to fondling his rabbits, from time to time bestowing a loving word upon the 'coon, or the alligator.

All day long the boy lay under the trees among his pets, they never attempting to leave him, though there was nothing to hinder their running away.

It was thus Mrs. Ormerod saw him, as she came home, in the cool of the afternoon, from a walk on the bluff above the river. She stopped and looked at him with a smile which, somehow, softened into tears as she gazed. Then turned to where a woman sat nursing a child under the magnolia tree.

"Is that your little boy?" she asked.

"Taint nobody's boy," answered the woman. "His mother died when he was a baby; his father done gone away, up river somewhar, and leff her. He calls me mammy; but I ain't no kin to him."

"How did he come by so odd a name?" asked Mrs. Omerod.

"Why, his father and mother couldn't 'gree 'bout his name; so dey just called him Bossy. A'ter de ole man done run away, she name de baby for her father, ole man Ananias Watson; but ebery one was use to call him Bossy Ananias."

"Is he a good boy?" asked the lady.

"Dey ain't no better nowhar. He don't give a bit of trouble; he jess plays with his critters all day long. It's cur'us how he gets them all. 'Pears like he jess has to call them and dey runs to him."

"How old is he?"

"Five years old last Chrismus. He right smart good to work, too, for such a little fellow."

Mrs. Ormerod walked away thoughtfully. Bossy, now wide awake, ran after, his alligator in his hand. She supposed he had decided to sell it to her, and half stopped to speak to him, but he ran past her, and threw open the heavy gate which led into the hotel park.

"Do you come to sell me your alligator?" she asked him.

"No, missis; I jess kim to open de gate. Yo see, I couldn't sell my 'gator Norff, no how, missis."

Mrs. Ormerod sat down on a rustic seat and held out her hand.

"Bossy," she said, "come and talk to me. Should you like to go North with me, and live in a nice, large house, among other little children, and go to school."

Bossy's eyes brightened for a moment, then fell upon the reptile in his hand.

"Could I take my 'gator?" he asked.

"Perhaps so," answered his friend, with some hesitation. "Yes, I think you might."

"An' de 'coon, an' de squ'll, an' de bunnies?"

"I hardly think you could take all those, Bossy," replied Mrs. Ormerod, "but you could have some new toys."

Bossy looked reflectively upon the ground. "But dey wouldn't have no Bossy," he urged, "Nobody wouldn't talk to 'em ef I leff 'em."

"Couldn't you give them to your little playmates?"

"None of 'em loves my squ'll, 'cause he bites. And dey pulls de bunnies' ears and hurts 'em; and de 'coon don't like 'em, no way. I couldn't go noway, missis," said Bossy, decidedly.

"You would have some new clothes," persisted the lady. Bossy was unmoved. "And plenty to eat," she added.

"Couldn't go and leave them, missis, not noway."

A few days later, Mrs. Ormerod was walking in the woods, and, being deceived by the similarity of two roads that crossed each other, she lost her way. Seeing a hut, she was proceeding towards it, when suddenly a large, fierce dog ran out at her, barking savagely. Mrs. Ormerod screamed and attempted to run; but in a moment, when the dog was very close to her, a child's voice cried, "You Brain, down sir! Go home, sir!" and Bossy sprang up from behind a tree, and running towards them, laid his hand upon the furious creature's neck. The dog dropped his ears and slunk off.

"Dreffal sassy dog, dat Brain," remarked Bossy quickly. "Pears like he boun' to kill somebody some day."

"Are'nt you afraid of him?" asked Mrs. Ormond who stood pale and trembling.

"Dey does'nt tetch me, missis," replied Bossy, as he quickly sat beside her, poking the sand about with his bare toes. When she rose to go, and asked "could you show me the way to the hotel Bossy?" he answered readily;

"Yes, missis, jess wait till I git my critters," and ran to a stump near.

"Come on, Solomon," he said, rousing his coon, which appeared to be sleeping on the stump, "Come along, Bunny," picking up a rabbit. "Ah, 'gator,' 'gator! finding the alligator, which ran to its place on the boys shoulder. Git down, sir! to the fox squirrel, which sprang upon his back; "you jess let yo' own legs tote you," and he ran back to the lady.

"Which of your pets do you call Solomon?" she asked.

"Dat's de 'coon, missis. He so dreffal knowin', an' Solomon was the knowinest man, dey tell me. So I jess call the 'coon dat."

Mrs. Ormerod could hardly restrain her smile at the odd little figure which trotted on before.

"I believe he saved my life," she said, as she related the adventure to a circle of friends.

"That is a strange boy," remarked a doctor. "He seems to possess uncommon qualities. It is sad he is so utterly alone."

"The women where he lives appears to be kind."

"She is poor, and is fast sinking into the grave. You will not find her here if you return next winter."

"Then Bossy *must* consent," said Mrs. Ormerod, but the words were not spoken aloud.

Bossy was in the field, the next evening, dropping corn, from a bag tied before him, into holes, his "mammy" was making with a hoe. Mrs. Ormerod came and looked over the fence.

"I have got something for Bossy," said the lady, taking a seat under the magnolia. She opened a parcel she had brought with her.

"See here, Bossy, if you will go North with me, you shall have these clothes to wear."

She held up a suit of blue flannel resplendent with gilt buttons. Bossy's eyes sparkled, then wandered in the direction of the smoke-house.

"And these stockings," added Mrs. Ormerod, showing a pair of stripped ones. Bossy appeared to hesitate.

"And these boots," concluded his tempter, unwrapping a tiny pair of copper-toed, red-topped boots. It was more than human nature could endure.

"Oh, Solomon!" cried Bossy, running to the smoke-house, "jess see dem boots! Oh, Solomon, I doesn't want to leave you."

Words failed him; he came slowly back, carrying the 'coon in his arms, while his remaining pets followed him.

"Dem boots!" he said, in a choking voice. "Solomon, Bunny, ole Foxy! oh, I can't, I can't," he cried, in an agony of indecision, throwing himself upon the ground. "Don't ax we, missis; I can't!"

"It is too much," said Mrs. Ormerod, fairly laughing and crying at once. "You shall not be tempted any farther. The clothes are yours; but you shall not go away North; you will be better and happier here."

Bossy's adopted "mammy" lived much longer than the doctor anticipated, thanks to Mrs. Ormerod's careful provision for her wants. When she died she left the baby as Bossy's charge, as well as the "critters." So the two children live on by themselves in the picturesque old cabin, loved and aided by all the neighbors, and always cared for by their absent friend.

Bossy's life is as bright and sunny as the summer land he lives in. But there comes to him every year one time of supreme happiness. It is the time when the short winter days begin to lengthen towards spring. Then if from the steamer-deck you should see standing upon the wharf, a tall, eager-eyed boy, holding by the hand a curly-headed "picaninny," and with a squirrel on his shoulder, or, perhaps, a 'coon under his arm, you may be sure it is Bossy Ananias, and that he is waiting to greet Mrs. Ormerod.—*St. Nicholas for June.*

## An Antediluvian—The First Trance and Materialization.

When Adam appeared in Eden it didn't seem much like Paradise to him. Though Jehovah manipulated the material of which he was made, and after making him *blowed him up*—"breathing into his nostrils the breath of life." Now, Adam was human, and finding himself there without first being consulted, having no choice in the matter, "the dust of the ground," and being a man, he didn't fancy being blowed up.

He was in a forlorn condition. No aunts nor sisters to call on him, and no mother-in-law to sympathize with him. There he stood naked and alone. But Jehovah put him in a trance by causing "a deep sleep to fall upon Adam." And he slept; and he took one of his ribs. It took spirit anesthetics to help through the surgical operation—extracting a rib—a *side issue*. Now, Adam was a victim of circumstances, and had to submit. No doubt he had some feeling about it. There's no man but likes to choose for himself the woman he expects to live with. No sooner was this one-sided affair of rib-taking finished than first-class materializations took place, and the rib developed into a female, and Adam found himself facing a woman.

In a brief time Jehovah called them to order, because "the eyes of them both were opened," and finding they had no wardrobe arranged, in order to make their toilet, "they sewed fig-leaves together." Question—Who found thread and needles? Ye wise theologians who laugh at modern spirit manifestations, please answer. Now, after doing their best, they received an unexpected call. "The voice of Jehovah, walking in the garden in the cool of the day;" and He called unto Adam and said unto him, "Where art thou?" And after giving them an Edenistic lecture, on perceiving their scanty apparel—fig-leaf aprons—He turned tailor, and made "coats of skins and clothed them." Then giving them advice about farming—to "till the ground." So he drove out the man." But it don't tell how the woman got out!

It never seemed to me that they felt very bad about it, as they raised Cain as soon as they could claim a little responsibility of their own. For it took a triune company to carry out act 1st, in the forbidden fruit scene. Jehovah, man, and the devil, and poor Eve had to bear the burden of the blame, without any compensation but the few fig-leaves referred to.

I have always wondered how "Mark Twain," in his "Innocents Abroad," could take so much interest in his cowardly ancestor, "Adam," as to hunt up his "tomb" and then weep such tears of grief o'er his remains. Well, "Mark" was a man, and man will do strange things sometimes. And the *man* (Adam) said, "The woman whom thou gavest *to be* with me, she gave of the tree and I did eat."

Great coward! as if he wasn't big enough to help himself. And as to "Paradise Lost," though "Milton" gave his views of it, and we all know he couldn't see clearly, being unfortunately blind, nobody has made such a fuss over it as the prating priests and their progeny, though his satanic majesty was star actor then, and has been their best friend ever since. He has formed the chief cornerstone for every structure theology has ever reared. Ought they not to give the devil his due?

In all candor, if Adam and Eve did not complain carping, Christianity has no right to.

If there hadn't been an Edenistic exit, and the parties most interested hadn't gone for their rights in family matters, etc., reader, where would you and I have been to-day? *non est*. Deny it, Old Theology, if you can? Say what you please about Eve, she wasn't the weaker vessel that time. 'Twas Adam showed the "white feather," by claiming Eve tempted him. There is no knowing but that if he had had moral courage enough to have owned up, he might have been in Eden eating fruit and holding free statuary exhibitions till this time—*Anthony Comstock, notwithstanding.*

DIXIE.

Boston, Feb. 1, M. S. 32.

[MR. J. M. ROBERTS—*Sir:*—Having read this to a member of the School of Oratory, in Boston, she requested me to read it again, exclaiming, "That's better than *Mark Twain.*" I wrote it for MIND AND MATTER, therefore I send it. S. D.]

Heaven is harmony.

Love is the fulfilling of the law.